



Gravelot inv.

G. Vanderghucht sculp.



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AMBOYNA:

OR, THE

Cruelties of the *Dutch*

TO THE

English Merchants.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Manet altâ mente repositum.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON in the Strand.

M DCC XXXV.

This play was written during the second Dutch war.
It is dedicated to Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and was "contrived and written
in a month." It was intended to inflame the nation against her enemies.





To the Right Honourable the
Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

My LORD.



AFTER so many Favours, and those so great, conferr'd on me by Your Lordship these many Years; which I may call more properly one continued Act of your Generosity and Goodness; I know not whether I should appear either more ungrateful in my Silence, or more extravagantly vain in my Endeavours to acknowledge them. For, since all Acknowledgments bear a face of Payment, it may be thought, that I have flatter'd my self into an Opinion of being able to return some part of my Obligements to you; the just Despair of which Attempt, and the due Veneration I have for his Person, to whom I must Address, have almost driven me to receive only with a profound Submission the Effects of that Virtue, which is never to be comprehended but by Admiration: And the greatest Note of Admiration is Silence. 'Tis that noble Passion, to which Poets raise their Audience in highest Subjects, and they have then gain'd over them the greatest Victory, when they are ravish'd into a Pleasure, which is not to be express'd by Words. To this Pitch, my Lord, the Sense of my Gratitude had almost rais'd me: To receive your Favours as the *Jews* of old receiv'd their Law, with a mute Wonder; to think, that the Loudness of Acclamation, was only the Praise of Men to Men, and that the secret Homage of the Soul was a greater Mark of

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Reverence, than an outward ceremonious Joy, which might be counterfeit, and must be irreverent in its Tumult. Neither, my Lord, have I a particular Right to pay you my Acknowledgments: You have been a Good, so universal, that almost every Man in three Nations may think me injurious to his Propriety, that I invade your Praises, in undertaking to celebrate them alone: And that I have assum'd to my self a Patron, who was no more to be circumscrib'd than the Sun and Elements, which are of publick Benefit to Human Kind.

As it was much in your Power to oblige all who could pretend to Merit from the Publick, so it was more in your Nature and Inclination. If any went ill-satisfied from the Treasury, while it was in your Lordship's Management, it proclaimed the Want of Desert, and not of Friends: You distributed your Master's Favour with so equal Hands, that *Justice* her self could not have held the Scales more even: But, with that natural Propensity to do good, that had that Treasure been your own, your Inclination to Bounty must have ruin'd you: No Man attended to be deny'd: No Man brib'd for Expedition: Want and Desert were Pleas sufficient. By your own Integrity, and your prudent Choice of those whom you employ'd, the King gave all that he intended, and Gratuities to his Officers made not vain his Bounty. This, my Lord, you were in your publick Capacity of High-Treasurer, to which you ascended by such degrees, that your Royal Master saw your Virtues still growing to his Favours, faster than they could rise to you. Both at home, and abroad, with your Sword, and with your Counsel, you have serv'd him with unbyass'd Honour, and unshaken Resolution; making his Greatness, and the true Interest of your Country, the Standard and Measure of your Actions. Fortune may desert the Wise and Brave; but, true Virtue never will forsake it self. 'Tis the Interest of
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the World that virtuous Men should attain to Greatness, because it gives them the Power of doing Good. But, when by the Iniquity of the Times they are brought to that Extremity, that they must either quit their Virtue or their Fortune, they owe themselves so much, as to retire to the private Exercise of their Honour; to be great within, and by the Constancy of their Resolutions, to teach the inferior World, how they ought to judge of such Principles, which are asserted with so generous and so unconstrain'd a Tryal.

But, this voluntary Neglect of Honours has been of rare Example in the World: Few Men have frown'd first upon Fortune, and precipitated themselves from the Top of her Wheel, before they felt at least the Declination of it. We read not of many Emperors like *Dioclesian*, and *Charles* the Fifth, who have preferr'd a Garden and a Cloyster, before a Crowd of Followers, and the troublesome Glory of an active Life, which robs the Possessor of his Rest and Quiet, to secure the Safety and Happiness of others. *Seneca*, with the Help of his Philosophy, could never attain to that Pitch of Virtue. He only endeavour'd to prevent his Fall by descending first; and offer'd to resign that Wealth, which he knew he could no longer hold. He would only have made a Present to his Master of what he foresaw would become his Prey: He strove to avoid the Jealousie of a Tyrant; you dismiss'd your self from the Attendance and Privacy of a Gracious King. Our Age has afforded us many Examples of a contrary Nature: But your Lordship is the only one of This. 'Tis easie to discover in all Governments those who wait so close on Fortune, that they are never to be shaken off at any Turn: Such who seem to have taken up a Resolution of being Great, to continue their Stations on the Theater of Business; to change with the Scene, and shift the Vizard for another Part. These Men condemn in their Discourses that Virtue

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which they dare not practise. But the sober Part of this present Age, and impartial Posterity will do Right, both to your Lordship and to them. And when they read on what Accounts, and with how much Magnanimity you quitted those Honours, to which the highest Ambition of an *English* Subject could aspire, will apply to you, with much more Reason, what the Historian said of a *Roman* Emperor; *Multi diutius Imperium tenuerunt; Nemo fortius reliquit.*

To this Retirement of your Lordship, I wish I could bring a better Entertainment, than this *Play*; which, tho' it succeeded on the Stage, will scarcely bear a serious Perusal, it being contriv'd and written in a Month, the Subject barren, the Persons low, and the Writing not heighten'd with many labour'd Scenes. The Consideration of these Defects ought to have prescrib'd more Modesty to the Author, than to have presented it to that Person in the World, for whom he has the greatest Honour, and of whose Patronage the best of his Endeavours had been unworthy. But, I had not satisfied my self in staying longer, and could never have paid the Debt with a much better Play. As it is, the Meanness of it will shew at least, that I pretend not by it to make any manner of Return for your Favours; and, that I only give you a New Occasion of exercising your Goodness to me, in pardoning the Failings and Imperfections of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble, most Oblig'd,

Most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



PROLOGUE.

*A S needy Gallants in the Scribe's Hands,
Court the rich Knave that gripes their mortgag'd Lands,
The first fat Buck of all the Season's sent,
And Keeper takes no Fee in Compliment :
The Dotage of some Englishmen is such
To sawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a War
With those who of the same Religion are.
The Streights, the Guiney Trade, the Herrings too,
Nay, to keep Friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
But, Cuckold-like, love him who does the Feat :
What Injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet, still, The same Religion, answers all :
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,
Drew English Blood, and Dutchmens now wou'd spare :
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, faith — than you ;
Int'rest's the God they worship in their State ;
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, Monarchies may own Religion's Name,
But States are Atheists in their very Frame.
They share a Sin, and such Proportions fall,
That, like a Stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.
How they love England, you shall see this Day :
No Map shews Holland truer than our Play :
Their Pictures and Inscriptions well we know ;
We may be bold one Medal sure to show.
View then their Falshoods, Rapine, Cruelty ;
And think what once they were, they still would be :
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art ;
'Twas writ in haste, but with an English Heart :
And least hope Wit ; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper, as would Honesty.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Captain Gabriel Towerfon.</i>	<i>Mr. Hart.</i>
<i>Mr. Beamont,</i> } <i>English Merchants</i>	{ <i>Mr. Mohun.</i>
<i>Mr. Collins,</i> } <i>his Friends.</i>	{ <i>Mr. Lydal.</i>
<i>Captain Middleton, an English Sea</i> }	<i>Mr. Watfon.</i>
<i>Captain.</i>	
<i>Perez, a Spanish Captain.</i>	<i>Mr. Burt.</i>
<i>Harman Senior, Governor of Amboyna.</i>	<i>Mr. Cartwright.</i>
<i>The Fiscal.</i>	<i>Mr. Winterthal.</i>
<i>Harman Junior, Son to the Governor.</i>	<i>Mr. Kynaston.</i>
<i>Van Herring, a Dutch Merchant.</i>	<i>Mr. Beeton.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Yfabinda, betroth'd to Towerfon, an</i> }	<i>Mrs. Marshal.</i>
<i>Indian Lady.</i>	
<i>Julia, Wife to Perez.</i>	<i>Mrs. James.</i>
<i>An English Woman.</i>	<i>Mrs. Cory.</i>
<i>Page to Towerfon.</i>	
<i>A Skipper.</i>	
<i>Two Dutch Merchants.</i>	

S C E N E, A M B O Y N A.



AMBOYNA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Castle on the Sea.*

Enter Harman Senior, the Governor, the Fiscal, and Van Herring: Guards.

FISCAL.

Happy Day to our Noble Governor.

Har. Morrow, *Fiscal.*

Van Her. Did the last Ships which came from *Holland* to these Parts, bring us no News of Moment?

Fisc. Yes, the best that ever came into *Amboyna*, since we set footing here, I mean as to our Interest.

Har. I wonder much my Letters then gave me so short Accounts; they only said, the *Orange* Party was grown strong again, since *Barnevelt* had suffer'd.

Van Her. Mine inform me farther, the Price of Pepper and of other Spices was rais'd of late in *Europe*.

Har. I wish that News may hold; but much suspect it, while the *English* maintain their Factories among us in *Amboyna*, or in the neighbouring Plantations of *Seran*.

Fisc.

Fisc. Still I have News that tickles me within, ha, ha, ha. I faith it does, and will do you, and all our Countrymen.

Har. Pr'ythee do not torture us, but tell it.

Van Her. Whence comes this News?

Fisc. From *England*.

Har. Is their *East-India* Fleet bound outward for these Parts, or cast away, or met at Sea by Pirates?

Fisc. Better, much better yet, ha, ha, ha.

Har. Now am I famish'd for my part of the Laughter.

Fisc. Then my brave Governor, if you're a true *Dutchman*, I'll make your fat Sides heave with the Conceit on't, 'till you're blown like a pair of large Smith's Bellows; here, look upon this Paper.

Har. reading. You may remember we did endamage the English *East-India Company*, the value of five hundred thousand Pounds, all in one Year; a Treaty is now Sign'd, in which the Business is ta'n up for fourscore thousand. This is News indeed; wou'd I were upon the Castle-Wall, that I might throw my Cap into the Sea, and my Gold Chain after it, this is golden News, Boys.

Van Her. This is News wou'd kindle a thousand Bonfires, and make us piss 'em out again in *Rhenish Wine*.

Har. Send presently to all our Factories, acquaint them with these blessed Tidings: If we can 'scape so cheap, 'twill be no matter what Villanies henceforth we put in Practice.

Fisc. Hum, why this now gives Encouragement to a certain Plot, which I have been long brewing, against these *Skellum English*. I almost have it here in *Pericranio*, and 'tis a sound one 'faith, no less than to cut all their Throats, and seize all their Effects within this Island. I warrant you we may compound again.

Van Her. Seizing their Factories I like well enough, it has some Savour in't; but for this whorson cutting of Throats, it goes a little against the Grain, because 'tis so notoriously known in Christendom, that they have preserv'd ours from being cut by the *Spaniards*.

Har. Hang 'em base *English* Starts, let 'em e'en take their part of their own old Proverb, Save a Thief from the

the Gallows ; they wou'd needs protect us Rebels, and see what comes to themselves.

Fisc. You're i'th' right on't, noble *Harman* ; their Assistance, which was a Mercy, and a Providence to us, shall be a Judgment upon them.

Van Her. A little Favour would do well ; tho' not that I would stop the Current of your Wit, or any other Plot to do them Mischief ; but they were first Discoverers of this Isle, first traded hither, and showed us the Way.

Fisc. I grant you that, nay more, that by Composition made after many long and tedious Quarrels, they were to have a third part of the Traffick, we to build Forts, and they to contribute to the Charge.

Har. Which we have so increas'd each Year upon 'em, we being in Power, and therefore Judges of the Cost, that we exact whate'er we please, still more than half the Charge, and on Pretence of their Non-payment, or the least Delay, do often stop their Ships, detain their Goods, and drag 'em into Prisons, while our Commodities go on before, and still forestall their Markets.

Fisc. These I confess are pretty Tricks, but will not do our Business, we must our selves be ruin'd at long-run, if they have any Trade here ; I know our Charge at length will eat us out ; I would not let these *English* from this Isle have Cloves enough to stick an Orange with, not one to throw into their Bottle-Ale.

Har. But to bring this about now, there's the Cunning.

Fisc. Let me alone awhile, I have it, as I told you, here ; mean time we must put on a seeming Kindness, call 'em our Benefactors and dear Brethren, pipe 'em within the Danger of our Net, and then we'll draw it o'er 'em : When they're in, no Mercy, that's my Maxim.

Van Her. Nay, Brother, I am not too obstinate for saving *Englishmen* ; 'twas but a Qualm of Conscience, which Profit will dispel : I have as true a *Dutch* Antipathy to *England*, as the proudest He in *Amsterdam*, that's a bold Word now.

Har. We are secure of our Superiors there ; well, they may give the King of *Great Britain* a verbal Satisfaction, and with submissive fawning Promises, make
shew

shew to punish us ; but Interest is their God as well as ours. To that Almighty, they will sacrifice a thousand *English* Lives, and break a hundred thousand Oaths, ere they will punish those that make 'em rich, and pull their Rivals down. [Guns go off within.

Van Her. Heard you those Guns ?

Har. Most plainly.

Fisc. The Sound comes from the Port, some Ship arriv'd salutes the Castle, and I hope brings more good News from *Holland*. [Guns again.

Har. Now they answer 'em from the Fortress.

Enter Beamont and Collins.

Van Her. Beamont and Collins, *English* Merchants both, perhaps they'll certify us.

Beam. Captain Harman van Spelt, good Day to you.

Har. Dear, kind Mr. Beamont, a thousand and a thousand good Days to you, and all our Friends the *English*,

Fisc. Came you from the Port, Gentlemen ?

Col. We did ; and saw arrive, our honest, and our gallant Countryman, brave Captain Gabriel Tower-son.

Beam. Sent to these Parts from our Employers of the *East-India* Company in *England*, as General of the Voyage.

Fisc. Is the brave Tower-son return'd ?

Col. The same, Sir.

Har. He shall be nobly welcome. He has already spent twelve Years upon, or near these rich *Molucca* Isles, and home return'd with Honour and great Wealth.

Fisc. The Devil give him Joy of both, or I will for him. [Aside.

Beam. He's my particular Friend, I liv'd with him, both at *Tiivate*, *Tydore*, and at *Seran*.

Van Her. Did he not leave a Mistress in these Parts, a Native of this Island of *Amboyna*.

Col. He did, I think they call her *Ysabinda*, who received Baptism for his sake, before he hence departed.

Har. 'Tis much against the Will of all her Friends, she loves your Countryman, but they are not Disposers of her Person ; she's beauteous, rich, and young, and Tower-son well deserves her.

Beam.

Beam. I think, without Flattery to my Friend, he does. Were I to chuse of all Mankind, a Man, on whom I would rely for Faith and Counsel, or more, whose personal Aid I would invite, in any worthy Cause to second me, it should be only *Gabriel Towerfon*; daring he is, and thereto fortunate: Yet soft, and apt to pity the Distress'd, and liberal to relieve 'em: I have seen him not alone to pardon Foes, but by his Bounty win 'em to his Love: If he has any Fault, 'tis only that to which great Minds can only subject be, he thinks all honest, 'cause himself is so, and therefore none suspects.

Fisc. I like him well for that; this Fault of his great Mind, as *Beamont* calls it, may give him Cause to wish he was more wary, when it shall be too late. [*Aside.*]

Har. I was in some small Hope, this Ship had been of our own Country, and brought back my Son. For much about this Season I expect him. Good-morrow Gentlemen, I go to fill a Brendice to my Noble Captain's Health, pray tell him so; the Youth of our *Amboyne* I'll send before, to welcome him.

Col. We'll stay, and meet him here.

[*Exeunt Harman, Fiscal, and Van Herring.*]

Beam. I do not like these fleering *Dutchmen*, they overact their Kindness.

Col. I know not what to think of 'em, that old fat Governor, *Harman van Spelt*, I have known long; they say he was a Cooper in his Country, and took the Measure of his Hoops for Tuns, by his own Belly: I love him not, he makes a Jest of Men in Misery; the first fat merry Fool I ever knew that was ill-natur'd.

Beam. He's absolutely govern'd by this *Fiscal*, who was, as I have heard, an ignorant Advocate in *Rotterdam*, such as in *England* we call a Petty-fogging Rogue; one that knows nothing, but the worst part of the Law, its Tricks and Snares: I fear he hates us *English* mortally. Pray Heaven we feel not the Effects on't.

Col. Neither he, nor *Harman*, will dare to shew their Malice to us, now *Towerfon* is come. For tho' 'tis true, we have no Castle here, he has an Awe upon 'em in his Worth, which they both fear and reverence.

Beam.

Beam. I wish it so may prove, my Mind is a bad Prophet to me, and what it does forbode of Ill, it seldom fails to pay me. Here he comes.

Col. And in his Company, young *Harman*, Son to our *Dutch Governor*. I wonder how they met.

Enter Towerlon, Harman Junior, and a Skipper.

Tow. [*Entering, to the Skipper.*] These Letters see convey'd with Speed to our Plantations. This to *Cambello*, and to *Hitte* this, this other to *Lobo*. Tell 'em their Friends in *England* greet 'em well; and when I left 'em, were in perfect Health.

Skip. Sir, you shall be obey'd. [*Exit Skipper.*]

Beam. I heartily rejoice that our Employers have chose you for this Place: a better Choice they never could have made, or for themselves, or me.

Col. This I am sure of, that our *English* Factories in all these Parts have wish'd you long the Man, and none could be so welcome to their Hearts.

Har. Jun. And let me speak for my Countrymen the *Dutch*, I have heard my Father say, he's your sworn Brother: And this late Accident at Sea, when you reliev'd me from the Pirates, and brought my Ship in Safety off, I hope will well secure you of our Gratitude.

Tow. You over-rate a little Courtesy: In your Deliverance I did no more, than what I had myself from you expected: The common Ties of our Religion, and those yet more particular of Peace, and strict Commerce, betwixt us and your Nation, exacted all I did, or could have done. — [*To Beamont.*] For you, my Friend, let me ne'er breathe our *English* Air again, but I more joy to see you, than myself to have escap'd the Storm that toss'd me long, doubling the *Cape*, and all the sultry Heats, in passing twice the Line: For now I have you here, methinks this Happiness should not be bought at a less Price.

Har. Jun. I'll leave you with your Friends; my Duty binds me to hasten to receive a Father's Blessing.

[*Exit Harman Junior.*]

Beam. Y'are so much a Friend, that I must tax you for being a slack Lover. You have not yet enquir'd of *Xjabinda*.

Tow.

Tow. No, I durst not, Friend, I durst not. I love too well, and fear to know my Doom; there's Hope in Doubt; but yet I fix'd my Eyes on yours, I look'd with Earnestness, and ask'd with them: If ought of Ill had happen'd, sure I had met it there; and since, methinks, I did not, I have now recover'd Courage, and resolve to urge it from you.

Beam. Your *Ysabinda* then ———

Tow. You have said all in that, my *Ysabinda*, if she still be so.

Beam. Enjoys as much of Health, as Fear for you, and Sorrow for your Absence would permit. [*Musick within.*]

Col. Hark, Musick I think approaching.

Beam. 'Tis from our Factory, some sudden Entertainment, I believe, design'd for your Return.

Enter Amboyners, Men and Women, with Timbrels before them. A Dance.

After the Dance,

Enter Harman Senior, Harman Junior, Fiscal, and Van Herring.

Har. Sen. [*Embracing Tower-son.*] O my sworn Brother, my dear Captain *Tower-son*; the Man whom I love better than a stiff Gale, when I am becalm'd at Sea; to whom, I have receiv'd the Sacrament, never to be false-hearted.

Tow. You ne'er shall have Occasion on my Part: The like I promise for our Factories, while I continue here: This Isle yields Spice enough for both; and *Europe*, Ports, and Chapmen, where to vend them.

Har. Sen. It does, it does, we have enough, if we can be contented.

Tow. And, Sir, why shou'd we not? What mean these endless Jars of Trading Nations? 'Tis true, the World was never large enough for Avarice or Ambition; but those who can be pleas'd with moderate Gain, may have the Ends of Nature, not to want: Nay, even its Luxuries may be supply'd from her o'erflowing Bounties in these Parts: From whence she yearly sends Spices, and Gums, the Food of Heav'n in Sacrifice. And besides these, her Gems of the richest Value, for Ornament, more than Necessity.

Har.

Har. Sen. You are i'th' right, we must be very Friends, i'faith we must; I have an old *Dutch* Heart, as true and trusty as your *English* Oak.

Fisc. We can never forget the Patronage of your *Elizabeth*, of famous Memory; when from the Yoak of *Spain*, and *Alva's* Pride, her potent Succours, and her well-tim'd Bounty, freed us, and gave us Credit in the World.

Tow. For this we only ask a fair Commerce, and Friendliness of Conversation here: And what our several Treaties bind us to, you shall, while *Tower-son* lives, see to perform'd, as fits a Subject to an *English* King.

Har. Sen. Now by my Faith you ask too little, Friend; we must have more than bare Commerce betwixt us: Receive me to your Bosom, by this Beard, I will never deceive you.

Beam. I do not like his Oath, there's Treachery in that *Judas*-colour'd Beard. [Aside.]

Fisc. Pray use me as your Servant.

Van Her. And me too, Captain.

Tow. I receive you both as Jewels, which I'll wear in either Ear, and never part with you.

Har. Sen. I cannot do enough for him, to whom I owe my Son.

Har. Jun. Nor I, 'till Fortune send me such another brave Occasion of fighting so for you.

Har. Sen. Captain, very shortly, we must use your Head in a certain Business, Ha, ha, ha, my dear Captain.

Fisc. We must use your Head, indeed, Sir.

Tow. Sir, command me, and take it as a Debt I owe your Love.

Har. Sen. Talk not of Debt, for I must have your Heart.

Van Her. Your Heart indeed, good Captain.

Har. Sen. You are weary now I know, Sea-beat, and weary, 'tis time we respite further Ceremony; besides, I see one coming, whom I know you long to embrace, and I shou'd be unkind to keep you from her Arms.

Enter Yfabinda and Julia.

Yfab. Do I hold my Love, do I embrace him, after a tedious Absence of three Years? Are ye indeed return'd,

are

are ye the same? Do you still love your *Ysabinda*? Speak before I ask you twenty Questions more: For I have so much Love, and so much Joy, that if you don't love as well as I, I shall appear distracted.

Tow. We meet then both out of ourselves, for I am nothing else, but Love and Joy; and to take care of my Discretion now, would make me much unworthy of that Passion, to which you set no Bounds.

Ysab. How could you be so long away?

Tow. How can you think I was? I still was here, still with you, never absent in my Mind.

Har. Jun. She's a most charming Creature, I wish I had not seen her. [*Aside.*]

Ysab. Now I shall love your God, because I see that he takes care of Lovers: But, my dear *Englishman*, I pr'ythee let it be our last of Absence, I cannot bear another Parting from thee, nor promise thee to live three other Years, if thou again goest hence.

Tow. I never will without you.

Har. Sen. I said before, we should but trouble ye.

Tow. You make me blush, but if you ever were a Lover, Sir, you will forgive a Folly, which is sweet, tho', I confess, 'tis much extravagant.

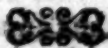
Har. Jun. A has but too much Cause for this Excess of Joy; oh happy, happy *Englishman*, but I unfortunate.

[*Aside.*]

Tow. Now, when you please, lead on.

Har. Sen. This Day you shall be feasted at the Castle, Where our Great Guns shall loudly speak your Welcome. All Signs of Joy shall through the Isle be shown, Whilst in full Rummors we our Friendship crown.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Yfabinda, and Harman Junior.

Yfab. THIS to me, from you, against your Friend?

Har. Jun. Have I not Eyes, are you not fair? Why does it seem so strange?

Yfab. Come, 'tis a Plot betwixt you: My *Englishman* is jealous, and has sent you to try my Faith: he might have spar'd the Experiment after a three Years Absence; that was a Proof sufficient of my Constancy.

Har. Jun. I heard him say he never had return'd, but that his Masters of the *East-India* Company proffer'd him large Conditions.

Yfab. You do bely him basely.

Har. Jun. As much as I do you, in saying you are fair; or as I do my self, when I declare I die for you.

Yfab. If this be earnest, you've done a most unmanly and ungrateful Part, to court the intended Wife of him, to whom you are most oblig'd.

Har. Jun. Leave me to answer that: Assure yourself I love you violently, and if you are wise, you'll make some Difference 'twixt *Tower-son* and me.

Yfab. Yes, I shall make a Difference, but not to your Advantage.

Har. Jun. You must, or falsify your Knowledge; an *Englishman*, part Captain, and part Merchant; his Nation of declining Interest here: Consider this, and weigh against that Fellow, not me, but any, the least and meanest *Dutchman* in this Isle.

Yfab. I do not weigh by Bulk: I know your Countrymen have the Advantage there.

Har. Jun. Hold back your Hand, from firming of your Faith; you'll thank me in a little time, for staying you so kindly from embarking in his Ruin.

Yfab. His Fortune is not so contemptible as you'd make it seem.

Har.

Har. Jun. Wait but one Month for the Event.

Ysab. I will not wait one Day, though I were sure to sink with him the next : So well I love my *Towerfon*, I will not lose another Sun, for fear a should not rise to-morrow. For your self, pray rest assur'd, of all Mankind, you should not be my Choice, after an Act of such Ingratitude.

Har. Jun. You may repent your Scorn at leisure.

Ysab. Never, unless I marry'd you.

Enter Towerfon.

Tow. Now my dear *Ysabinda*, I dare pronounce my self most happy : Since I have gain'd your Kindred, all Difficulties cease.

Ysab. I wish we find it so.

Tow. Why, is ought happen'd since I saw you last ? Methinks a Sadness dwells upon your Brow, like that I saw before my last long Absence. You do not speak : My Friend dumb too ? Nay then I fear some more than ordinary Cause produces this.

Har. Jun. You have no reason, *Towerfon*, to be sad, you are the happy Man.

Tow. If I have any, you must needs have some.

Har. Jun. No, you are lov'd, and I am bid despair.

Tow. Time, and your Services, will perhaps make you as happy as I am in my *Ysabinda*'s Love.

Har. Jun. I thought I spoke so plain, I might be understood ; but since I did not, I must tell you *Towerfon*, I wear the Title of your Friend no longer, because I am your Rival.

Tow. Is this true, *Ysabinda* ?

Ysab. I should not, I confess, have told you first, because I would not give you that Disquiet ; but since he has, it is too sad a Truth.

Tow. Leave us, my Dear, a little to our selves.

Ysab. I fear you'll quarrel, for he seem'd incens'd, and threaten'd you with Ruin. [To him aside.

Tow. 'Tis to prevent an Ill, which may be fatal to us both, that I would speak with him.

Ysab. Swear to me by your Love you will not fight.

Tow. Fear not, my *Ysabinda* ; things are not grown to that Extremity.

Ysab.

Ysab. I leave you, but I doubt the Consequence.

[Exit *Ysab.*

Tow. I want a Name to call you by; Friend, you declare you are not; and to Rival I am not yet enough accustomed.

Har. Jun. Now I consider on't; it shall be yet in your free Choice, to call me one or other; for, *Tower-son*, I do not decline your Friendship, but then yield *Ysabinda* to me.

Tow. Yield *Ysabinda* to you?

Har. Jun. Yes, and preserve the Blessing of my Friendship; I'll make my Father yours, your Factories shall be no more oppress'd, but thrive in all Advantages with ours; your Gain shall be beyond what you could hope for from the Treaty: In all the Traffick of these Eastern Parts, ye shall——

Tow. Hold; you mistake me; *Harman*, I never gave you just Occasion to think I wou'd make Merchandize of Love; *Ysabinda* you know is mine, contracted to me ere I went for *England*, and must be so 'till Death.

Har. Jun. She must not, *Tower-son*; you know you are not strongest in these Parts, and 'twill be ill contesting with your Masters.

Tow. Our Masters? *Harman*, you durst not once have nam'd that Word in any part of *Europe*.

Har. Jun. Here I both dare and will, you ha' no Castles in *Amboyna*.

Tow. Tho' we have not; we yet have *English* Hearts and Courages, not to endure Affronts.

Har. Jun. They may be try'd.

Tow. Your Father sure will not maintain you in this Insolence, I know he is too honest.

Har. Jun. Assure your self, he will espouse my Quarrel.

Tow. We would complain to *England*.

Har. Jun. Your Countrymen have try'd that course so often, methinks they should grow wiser, and desist: But now there is no need of troubling any others but our selves; the Sum of all is this, you either must resign me *Ysabinda*, or instantly resolve to clear your Title to her by your Sword.

Tow.

Tow. I will do neither now.

Har. Jun. Then I'll believe you dare not fight me fairly.

Tow. You know I durst have fought, tho' I am not vain enough to boast it, nor would upbraid you with Remembrance of it.

Har. Jun. You destroy your Benefit with Reliance of it, but that was in a Ship, back'd by your Men; single Duel is a fairer Tryal of your Courage.

Tow. I'm not to be provok'd out of my Temper: Here I am a publick Person, intrusted by my King and my Employers, and should I kill you, *Harman*—

Har. Jun. Oh never think you can, Sir.

Tow. I should betray my Countrymen to suffer not only worse Indignities, than those they have already born, but for ought I know, might give 'em up to general Imprisonment, perhaps betray them to a Massacre.

Har. Jun. These are but pitiful and weak Excuses, I'll force you to confess you dare not fight, you shall ha' Provocations.

Tow. I will not stay to take 'em: Only this before I go; if you are truly Gallant, insult not where you have Power, but keep your Quarrel secret, we may have time and place out of this Island: Mean while, I go to marry *Isabinda*, that you shall see I dare: No more, follow me not an Inch beyond this Place, no not an Inch, adieu.

[Exit *Towerson*.]

Har. Jun. Thou goest to thy Grave, or I to mine.

[Is going after him.]

Enter *Fiscal*.

Fisc. Whither so fast, *Min Heer*?

Har. Jun. After that *English* Dog, whom I believe you saw.

Fisc. Whom, *Towerson*?

Har. Jun. Yes, let me go, I'll have his Blood.

Fisc. Let me advise you first; you young Men are so violently hot.

Har. Jun. I say I'll have his Blood.

Fisc. To have his Blood is not amiss, so far I go with you, but take me with you further for the Means: First, what's the Injury?

Har. Jun. Not to detain you with a tedious Story, I love

love his Mistress, courted her, was slighted; into the Heat of this he came; I offer'd him the best Advantages, he could or to himself propose, or to his Nation, would he quit her Love.

Fisc. So far you are prudent, for she's exceeding rich.

Har. Jun. He refus'd all; then I threaten'd him with my Father's Power.

Fisc. That was unwisely done; your Father, underhand, may do a Mischief, but 'tis too gross above-board.

Har. Jun. At last, nought else prevailing, I defy'd him to single Duel; this he refus'd, and I believe 'twas Fear.

Fisc. No, no, mistake him not, 'tis a stout Whorson; you did ill to press him, 'twill not sound well in *Europe*; he being here a publick Minister; having no means of 'scaping should he kill you, besides exposing all his Countrymen to a Revenge.

Har. Jun. That's all one, I'm resolv'd I will pursue my Course, and fight him.

Fisc. Pursue your End, that's to enjoy the Woman, and her Wealth; I wou'd, like you, have *Tower'son* dispatch'd; for as I am a true *Dutchman*, I do hate him, but I would convey him smoothly out of the World, and without Noise; they'll say we are ingrateful else, in *England*, and barbarously cruel; now I could swallow down the Thing Ingratitude, and the Thing Murder, but the Names are odious.

Har. Jun. What would you have me do then?

Fisc. Let him enjoy his Love a little while, 'twill break no Squares, in the long run of a Man's Life; you shall have enough of her, and in convenient time.

Har. Jun. I cannot bear he shou'd enjoy her first; no, 'tis determin'd; I will kill him bravely.

Fisc. Ay, a right young Man's Bravery, that's Folly: Let me alone, something I'll put in Practice, to rid you of this Rival ere he marries, without your once appearing in it.

Har. Jun. If I durst trust you now?

Fisc. If you believe that I have Wit, or love you.

Har. Jun. Well, Sir, you have prevail'd; be speedy, for once I will rely on you; Farewel. [*Exit Harman.*]

Fisc. This hopeful Business will be quickly spoil'd, if I not

not take exceeding care of it. — Stay, — *Tower* son to be kill'd and privately, that must be laid down as the Groundwork, for stronger Reasons than a young Man's Passion; but who shall do't? no *Englishman* will, and much I fear, no *Dutchman* dares attempt it.

Enter Perez.

Well said, I'faith old Devil, let thee alone, when once a Man is plotting Villany, to find him a fit Instrument— This *Spanish* Captain, who commands our Slaves, is bold enough, and is beside in Want, and proud enough to think he merits Wealth.

Per. This *Fiscal* loves my Wife, I'm jealous of him, and yet must speak him fair to get my Pay; O, there's the Devil for a *Castilian*, to stoop to one of his own Master's Rebels, who has, or who designs to Cuckold him.

[*Aside.* — *To Fiscal.* I come to kiss your Hand again, Sir, six Months I am in Arrear, I must not starve, and *Spaniards* cannot beg.

Fisc. I've been a better Friend to you, than perhaps you think, Captain.

Per. I fear you have indeed.

Fisc. And faithfully solicited your Business, send but your Wife to-morrow Morning early, the Money shall be ready.

Per. What if I come my self?

Fisc. Why ye may have it, if you come your self, Captain, but in case your Occasions should call you any other way, you dare trust her to receive it.

Per. She has no Skill in Money.

Fisc. It shall be told into her Hand, or given her upon Honour, in a Lump; but, Captain, you were saying you did want; now I should think three hundred Doubloons would do you no great harm, they'll serve to make you merry on the Watch.

Per. Must they be told into my Wife's Hand too?

Fisc. No, those you may receive your self, if you dare merit 'em.

Per. I am a *Spaniard*, Sir, that implies Honour: I dare all that is possible.

Fisc. Then you dare kill a Man.

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S

Per.

Per. So it be fairly.

Fisc. But what if he will not be so civil to be kill'd that way? He's a sturdy Fellow, I know you stout, and do not question your Valour; but I would make sure work, and not endanger you who are my Friend.

Per. I fear the Governor will execute me.

Fisc. The Governor will thank you: 'Tis he shall be your Pay-master; you shall have your Pardon drawn up beforehand; and remember, no transitory Sum, three hundred Quadruples in your own Country Gold.

Per. Well, name your Man.

Enter Julia.

Fisc. Your Wife comes, take it in whisper.

[They whisper.]

Jul. Yonder's my Master, and my Dutch Servant, how lovingly they talk in private; if I did not know my Don's Temper to be monstrously jealous, I should think, they were driving a secret Bargain for my Body; but *Cuerno* is not to be digested by my *Castilian*. *Mr Mober*, my Wife and my Mistress! he lays the Emphasis on me, as if to Cuckold him were a worse Sin, than breaking the Commandment. If my *English* Lover *Beaumont*, my Dutch Love the *Fiscal*, and my *Spanish* Husband, were painted in a Piece with me amongst 'em, they would make a pretty Emblem of the two Nations that Cuckold his Catholick Majesty in his *Indies*.

Fisc. You'll undertake it then?

Per. I have serv'd under *Tower* son as his Lieutenant, serv'd him well, and tho' I say't, bravely, yet ne'er have been rewarded, tho' he promis'd largely; 'tis resolv'd, I'll do't.

Fisc. And swear Secresy.

Per. By this Beard.

Fisc. Go wait upon the Governor from me, confer with him about it in my Name, this Seal will give you credit.

[Gives him his Seal.]

Per. I go. *[Goes a step or two, while the other approaches his Wife.]* What shall I be, before I come again? *[Exit.]*

Fisc. Now my fair Mistress, we shall have the Opportunity which I have long desir'd.

[To Julia.]

Per. The Governor is now a sleeping, this is his Hour of After.

Afternoon's Repose, I'll go when he's awake. [*Returning.*

Fisc. He slept early this Afternoon, I left him newly wak'd.

Per. Well, I go then, but with an aking Heart. [*Exit.*

Fisc. So, at length he's gone.

Jul. But you may find he was jealous by his Delay.

Fisc. If I were as you, I would give evident Proofs, should cure him of that Disease for ever after.

Enter Perez again.

Per. I have consider'd on't, and if you would go along with me to the Governor, it would do much better.

Fisc. No, no, that would make the Matter more suspicious. The Devil take thee for an impertinent Cuckold. [*Aside.*

Per. Well, I must go then. [*Exit Perez.*

Jul. Nay, there was never the like of him, but it shan't serve his Turn, we'll Cuckold him most furiously.

Enter Perez again.

Per. I had forgot one thing; dear sweet Heart go home quickly, and oversee our Business, it won't go forward without one of us.

Fisc. I warrant you, take no care of your Business, leave it to me, I'll put it forward in your Absence: go, go, you'll lose your Opportunity; I'll be at home before you, and sup with you to-night.

Per. You shall be welcome, but——

Fisc. Three hundred Quadruples.

Per. That's true, but——

Fisc. But three hundred Quadruples.

Per. The Devil take the Quadruples.

Enter Beamont.

Beam. There's my Cuckold that must be, and my Fellow Swaggerer the Dutchman, with my Mistress; my Nose is wip'd to-day, I must retire, for the Spaniard is jealous of me.

Per. Oh, Mr. Beamont, I'm to ask a Favour of you.

Beam. This is unusual; pray command it, Senior.

Per. I am going upon urgent Business, pray sup with me to-night, and in the mean time, bear my worthy Friend here Company.

Beam. With all my Heart.

Per. So, now I am secure ; tho' I dare not trust her with one of 'em, I may with both ; they'll hinder one another, and preserve my Honour into the Bargain. Now for my Doubloons. [Exit.

Beam. Now Mr. *Fiscal*, you are the happy Man with the Ladies, and have got the precedence of Traffick here too ; you've the *Indies* in your Arms, yet I hope a poor *Englishman* may come in for a third part of the Merchandise.

Fisc. Oh, Sir, in these Commodities, here's enough for both, here's Mace for you, and Nutmeg for me in the same Fruit ; and yet the Owner has to spare for other Friends too.

Jul. My Husband's Plantation's like to thrive well betwixt you.

Beam. Horn him, he deserves not so much Happiness as he enjoys in you ; he's jealous.

Jul. 'Tis no wonder if a *Spaniard* looks yellow.

Beam. Betwixt you and me, 'tis a little kind of Venture that we make, in doing this Don's drudgery for him ; for the whole Nation of 'em is generally so Pocky, that 'tis no longer a Disease, but a second Nature in 'em.

Fisc. I have heard indeed, that 'tis incorporated among 'em, as deeply as the Moors and Jews are, there's scarce a Family, but 'tis crept into their Blood like the new Christians.

Jul. Come I'll have no whispering betwixt you, I know you were talking of my Husband, because my Nose itches.

Beam. Faith, Madam, I was speaking in Favour of your Nation ; What pleasant Lives I have known *Spaniards* to live in *England*.

Jul. If you love me, let me hear a little.

Beam. We observ'd 'em to have much of the Nature of our Flies, they buz'd abroad a Month or two i'th' Summer, would venture about Dog Days to take the Air in the Park, but all the Winter slept like Dormice, and if ever they appear'd in publick after *Michaelmas*, their Faces shew'd the difference betwixt their Country, and ours, for they look in *Spain* as if they were roasted, and in *England* as if they were sodden.

Jul.

Jul. I'll not believe your Description.

Fisc. Yet our Observations of 'em in *Holland*, are not much unlike it; I've known a great Don at the *Hague*, with the Gentleman of his Horse, his Major Domo, and two Secretaries, all dine at four Tables, on the Quarters of a single Pullet: The Victuals of the under Servants were weigh'd out in Ounces, by the Don himself; with so much Garlick in the other Scale: A thin Slice of Bacon went through the Family a Week together: For it was daily put into the Pot for Pottage; was serv'd in the midst of the Dish at Dinners, and taken out and weigh'd by the Steward, at the End of every Meal, to see how much it lost; 'till at length, looking at it against the Sun, it appear'd transparent, and then he would have whip'd it up, as his own Fees, at a Morfel; but that his Lord barr'd the Dice, and reckon'd it to him for a Part of his Board Wages.

Beam. In few Words, Madam, the general Notion we had of 'em, was, that they were very frugal of their *Spanish* Coin, and very liberal of their *Neapolitane*.

Jul. I see, Gentlemen, you are in the way of Rallying; therefore let me be no Hind'rance to your Sport, do as much for one another, as you have done for our Nation. Pray, Min Heer *Fiscal*, what think you of the *English*?

Fisc. Oh, I have an Honour for the Country.

Beam. I beseech you leave your Ceremony, we can hear of our Faults without Choler, therefore speak of us with a true *Amsterdam* Spirit, and do not spare us.

Fisc. Since you command me, Sir, 'tis said of you, I know not how truly, that for your Fishery at home, you're like Dogs in the Manger, you will neither manage it yourselves, nor permit your Neighbours; so that for your Sovereignty of the *Narrow Seas*, if the Inhabitants of 'em, the Herrings, were capable of being Judges, they would certainly award it to the *English*, because they were then sure to live undisturb'd, and quiet under you.

Beam. Very good; proceed, Sir.

Fisc. 'Tis true, you gave us Aid in our Time of Need, but you paid your selves with our cautionary Towns: And that you have since deliver'd them up, we can never give sufficient Commendation, either to your Honesty, or to your Wit; for both which Qualities, you have purchas'd such an immortal Fame, that all Nations are instructed how to deal with you another time.

Beam. A most grateful Acknowledgment; sweet Sir, go on.

Fisc. For your Trade abroad, if you should obtain it, you are so horribly expensive, that you would undo your selves and all Christendom: For you would sink under your very Profit, and the Gains of the universal World would beggar you: You devour a Voyage to the *Indies*, by the Multitude of Mouths with which you Man your Vessels: Providence has contriv'd it well, that the *Indies* are manag'd by us, an industrious and frugal People, who distribute its Merchandise to the rest of *Europe*, and suffer it not to be consum'd in *England*, that the other Members might be starv'd, while you of *Great Britain*, as you call it, like a rickety Head, would only swell and grow bigger by it.

Jul. I have heard enough of *England*; have you nothing to return upon the *Netherlands*?

Beam. Faith, very little, to any purpose; he has been beforehand with us, as his Countrymen are in their Trade, and taken up so many Vices for the Use of *England*, that he has left almost none for the *Low Countries*.

Jul. Come, a Word however.

Beam. In the first Place you shew'd your Ambition, when you began to be a State: For not being Gentlemen, you have stoln the Arms of the best Families of *Europe*; and wanting a Name, you made bold with the first of the Divine Attributes; and call'd yourselves the *HIGH and MIGHTY*: Though, let me tell you, that besides the Blasphemy, the Title is ridiculous; for *HIGH* is no more proper for the *Netherlands*, than *MIGHTY* is for seven little rascally Provinces, no bigger in all than a Shire in *England*. For my main Theme, your Ingratitude, you have in part acknowledg'd it, by your laugh-
ing

ing at our easy Delivery of your Cautionary Towns : The best is, we are us'd by you as well as your own Princes of the House of *Orange* : We and They have set you up, and you undermine their Power, and circumvent our Trade.

Fisc. And good Reason, if our Interest requires it.

Beam. That leads me to your Religion, which is only made up of Interest : At home, you tolerate all Worships, in them who can pay for it ; and abroad, you were lately so civil to the Emperor of *Pegu*, as to do open Sacrifice to his Idols.

Fisc. Yes, and by the same Token, you *English* were such precise Fools as to refuse it.

Beam. For Frugality in Trading, we confess we cannot compare with you ; for our Merchants live like Noblemen : Your Gentlemen, if you have any, live like Boors ; you traffick for all the Rarities of the World, and dare use none of 'em your selves ; so that, in effect, you are the Mill-Horses of Mankind, that labour only for the wretched Provender you eat : A Pot of Butter and a Pickled Herring is all your Riches ; and in short, you have a good Title to cheat all *Europe*, because in the first Place, you cozen your own Backs and Bellies.

Fisc. We may enjoy more whene'er we please.

Beam. Your Liberty is a grosser Cheat than any of the rest ; for you are ten times more tax'd than any People in Christendom : You never keep any League with Foreign Princes : You flatter our Kings, and ruin their Subjects : You never deny'd us Satisfaction at home for Injuries, nor ever gave it us abroad.

Fisc. You must make yourselves more fear'd, when you expect it.

Beam. And I prophesy that Time will come, when some generous Monarch of our Island, will undertake our Quarrel, resume the Fishery of our Seas, and make them as considerable to the *English*, as the *Indies* are to you.

Fisc. Before that comes to pass, you may repent you ever lavish Tongue.

Beam. I was no more in earnest than you were.

Jul. Pray let this go no further, my Husband has invited both to Supper.

Beam. If you please, I'll fall to before he comes, or at least while he is conferring in private with the *Fiscal*.

[*Afide to her.*

Jul. Their private Business let them agree,

The *Dutch* for him, the *Englishman* for me. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

TRUE, the Reward propos'd is great enough, I want it too; besides, this *Englishman* has never paid me, since, as his Lieutenant, I serv'd him once against the *Turk* at Sea, yet he confes'd I did my Duty well, when twice I clear'd our Decks; he has long promis'd me, but what are Promises to starving Men? this is his House, he may walk out this Morning. [*Enter a Page and another Servant, walking by, not seeing him.*] These belong to him, I'll hide till they are past.

Serv. He sleeps soundly for a Man who is to be marry'd when he wakes.

Page. He do's well to take his Time, for he do's not know, when he's marry'd, whether ever he shall have a sound Sleep again.

Serv. He bid we shou'd not wake him, but some of us in good Manners shou'd have staid, and not have left him quite alone.

Page. In good Manners, I shou'd indeed, but I'll venture a Master's Anger at any time for a Mistress, and that's my Case at present.

Serv. I'll tempt as great a Danger as that comes to, for good old *English* Fellowship; I am invited to a Morning's Draught.

Page. Good-morrow, Brother, good-morrow; by that time you have fill'd your Belly, and I have emptied mine, it will be time to meet at home again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Per.

Per. So, this makes well for my Design, he's left alone, unguarded and asleep: *Satan*, thou art a bounteous Friend, and liberal of Occasions to do Mischief; my Pardon I have ready, if I am taken, my Money half beforehand; up *Perez*, rouse thy *Spanish* Courage up, if he should wake, I think I dare attempt him, then my Revenge is nobler, and Revenge, to injur'd Men, is full as sweet as Profit. [Exit.]

The SCENE drawn, discovers Towerson asleep on a Couch in his Night-Gown. A Table by him. Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.

Re-enter Perez with a Dagger.

Per. Asleep, as I imagin'd, and as fast, as all the Plumets of eternal Night were hung upon his Temples: Oh that some courteous *Dæmon* in the other World, would let him know, 'twas *Perez* sent him thither: A Paper by him too! he little thinks it is his Testament, the last he e'er shall make: I'll read it first. [Takes it up.] Oh, by the Inscription, 'tis a Memorial of what he means to do this Day: What's here? my Name in the first Line? I'll read it. [Reads.] Memorandum, *That my first Action this Morning shall be to find out my true and valiant Lieutenant, Captain Perez, and as a Testimony of my Gratitude for his honourable Services, to bestow on him five hundred English Pounds, making my just Excuse, I had it not before within my Power to reward him.* [Lays down the Paper.] And was it then for this I fought his Life? Oh base degenerate *Spaniard*! hadst thou done it, thou hadst been worse than damn'd; Heav'n took more Care of me, than I of him, to expose this Paper to my timely View. Sleep on, thou honourable *Englishman*, I'll sooner now pierce my own Breast than thine; see, he smiles too in his Slumber, as if his Guardian Angel in a Dream, told him he was secure; I'll give him Warning though, to prevent Danger from another Hand.

[Writes on Towerson's Paper, then sticks his Dagger in it.] Stick there, that when he wakens, he may know,

To his own Virtue he his Life do's owe. [Exit Perez:]

[Towerson awakens.]

Tow. I have o'erlept my Hour this Morning, if to enjoy a pleasing Dream, can be to sleep too long: Methought my dear *Njabinda* and myself were lying in an Arbour, wreath'd about with Myrtle, and with Cypress; my Rival *Harman* reconcil'd again to his Friendship, strew'd us with Flowers, and put on each a Crimson-colour'd Garment, in which we straightway mounted to the Skies, and with us many of my *English* Friends, all clad in the same Robes: If Dreams have any Meaning, sure this portends some Good — What's that I see, a Dagger stuck into the Paper of my Memorials? and writ below, *Thy Virtue sav'd thy Life*; it seems some one has been within my Chamber whilst I slept; something of Consequence hangs upon this Accident: What ho, who waits without — None answer me: Are ye all dead? — What ho! —

Enter Beamont.

Beam. How is it, Friend? I thought, entring your House, I heard you call.

Tow. I did, but as it seems without Effect, none of my Servants are within reach of my Voice.

Beam. You seem amaz'd at somewhat!

Tow. A little discompos'd: — read that, and see if I have no Occasion; that Dagger was stuck there, by him who writ it.

Beam. I must confess you have too just a Cause: I am myself surpriz'd at an Event so strange.

Tow. I know not who can be my Enemy within this Island, except my Rival *Harman*; and for him I truly did relate what pass'd betwixt us Yesterday.

Beam. You bore yourself in that as it became you, as one who was a Witness to himself, of his own Courage, and while by necessary Care of others you were forc'd to decline Fighting, shew'd how much you did despise the Man who sought the Quarrel: 'Twas base in him, so back'd as he is here, to offer it, much more to press you to it.

Tow. I may find a Foot of Ground in *Europe* to tell the insulting Youth, he better had provok'd some other Man; but sure I cannot think 'twas he who left that Dagger there.

Beam.

Beam. No, for it seems too great a Nobleness of Spirit, for one like him to practise: 'Twas certainly an Enemy, who came to take your sleeping Life; but thus to leave unfinish'd the Design, proclaims the Act no Dutchman's.

Tow. That, Time will best discover, I'll think no further of it.

Beam. I confess you have more pleasing Thoughts to employ your Mind at present; I left your Bride just ready for the Temple, and came to call you to her.

Tow. I'll straight attend you thither.

Enter Harman Sen. Fiscal, and Van Herring.

Fisc. Remember, Sir, what I advis'd you; you must seemingly make up the Business. [To Har. Sen.]

Har. Sen. I warrant you. What, my brave bonny Bridegroom, not yet drest? you are a lazy Lover; I must chide you. [To Towerson.]

Tow. I was just preparing.

Har. Sen. I must prevent Part of the Ceremony: You thought to go to her, she is by this time at the Castle, where she is invited with our common Friends; for you shall give me leave, if you so please, to entertain you both.

Tow. I have some Reasons, why I must refuse the Honour you intend me.

Har. Sen. You must have none; what, my old Friend steal a Wedding from me? In troth, you wrong our Friendship.

Beam. [To him aside.] Sir, go not to the Castle, you cannot in Honour accept an Invitation from the Father, after an Affront from the Son.

Tow. Once more I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Har. Sen. Come, come, I know your Reason of refusal, but it must not prevail; my Son has been to blame; I'll not maintain him in the least Neglect, which he should show to any Englishman, much less to you, the best, and most esteem'd of all my Friends.

Tow. I should be willing, Sir, to think it was a young Man's Rashness, or perhaps the Rage of a successful Rival; yet he might have spar'd some Words.

Har. Sen. Friend, he shall ask your Pardon, or I'll no longer own him; what, ungrateful to a Man, whose Valour

lour has preserv'd him? he shall do't, he shall indeed, I'll make you Friends upon your own Conditions, he's at the Door, pray let him be admitted: This is a Day of general Jubilee.

Tow. You command here, you know, Sir.

Fisc. I'll call him in, I am sure he will be proud at any Rate to redeem your kind Opinion of him.

[*Exit Fisc.*, and re-enters with *Harman Junior*.]

Har. Jun. Sir, my Father, I hope, has in part satisfy'd you, that what I spoke was only an Effect of sudden Passion, of which I am now ashamed, and desire it may be no longer lodg'd in your Remembrance, than it is now in my Intention to do you any Injury.

Tow. Your Father may command me to more difficult Employments, than to receive the Friendship of a Man, of whom I did not willingly embrace an ill Opinion.

Har. Jun. Nothing hence-forward shall have Power to take from me that Happiness, in which you are so generously pleas'd to reinstate me.

Har. Sen. Why this is as it should be, trust me I weep for Joy.

Beam. *Towerfon* is easy, and too credulous. I fear 'tis all dissembled on their Parts.

[*Aside.*]

Har. Sen. Now set we forward to the *Castle*, the Bride is there before us.

Tow. Sir, I wait you.

[*Exeunt Harman Sen. Towerfon, Beamont and Van Herring.*]

Enter Captain Perez.

Fisc. Now, Captain, when perform you what you promis'd concerning *Towerfon's* Death?

Per. Never—There, *Judas*, take your Hire of Blood again.

[*Throws him a Purse.*]

Har. Jun. Your Reason for this sudden Change?

Per. I cannot own the Name of Man, and do't.

Har. Jun. Your Head shall answer the Neglect of what you were commanded.

Per. If it must, I cannot shun my Destiny.

Fisc. *Harman*, you are too rash, pray hear his Reasons first.

Per.

Per. I have 'em to my self, I'll give you none.

Fisc. None? that's hard; well, you can be secret, Captain, for your own sake, I hope?

Per. That I have sworn ready, my Oath binds me.

Fisc. That's enough: We have now chang'd our Minds, and do not wish his Death, — at least as you shall know.

[*Aside.*

Per. I am glad on't, for he's a brave and worthy Gentleman, I would not, for the Wealth of both the *Indies*, have had his Blood upon my Soul to answer.

Fisc. [*Aside to Harman.*] I shall find a time to take back our Secret from him, at the price of his Life, when he least dreams of it; mean time 'tis fit we speak him fair. [*To Perez.*] Captain, a Reward attend you greater than you could hope, we only meant to try your Honesty. I am more than satisfy'd of your Reasons.

Per. I still shall labour to deserve your Kindness in any honourable way.

[*Exit Perez.*

Har. Jun. I told you that this *Spaniard* had not Courage enough for such an Enterprize.

Fisc. He rather had too much of Honesty.

Har. Jun. Oh you have ruin'd me, you promis'd me, this Day, the Death of *Towerfon*, and now instead of that I see him happy; I'll go and fight him yet, I swear he never shall enjoy her.

Fisc. He sha'not, that I swear with you, but you are too rash; the Business can never be done your way.

Har. Jun. I'll trust no other Arm but my own with it.

Fisc. Yes, mine you shall, I'll help you: This Evening, as he goes from the Castle, we'll find some way to meet him in the dark, and then make sure of him for getting Maidenheads to-night; to-morrow I'll bestow a Bill upon my *Spanish* Don, lest he discovers what he knows.

Har. Jun. Give me your Hand, you'll help me?

Fisc. By all my Hopes, I will: In the mean time, with a feign'd Mirth, 'tis fit we gild our Faces; the truth is, that we may smile in earnest, when we look upon the *Englishman*, and think how we will use him.

Har. Jun. Agreed, come to the Castle.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter Harman Senior, Towerlon, and Ylabinda, Beaumont, Collins, Van Herring: They seat themselves.

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

*The Day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,
That Golden Day they wish'd so long.
Love pick'd it out amidst the Throng;
He destin'd to himself this Sun,
And took the Reins, and drove him on;
In his own Beams he dress'd him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better Night.*

*The Day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past:
One Minute more, and Night will hide
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed do's go:
Take care, oh Youth, she rise not so;
She pants and trembles at her Doom,
And Fears and Wishes thou won't come.*

*The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once do's use.
She softly sighing begs delay,
And with her Hand puts his away,
Now out aloud for help she cries,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.*

Har. Sen. I like this Song, 'twas sprightly; it would restore me twenty Years of Youth, had I but such a Bride.

A D A N C E.

After the Dance: Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.

Beam. Come let me have the Sea Fight, I like that better than a thousand of your wanton Epithalamiums.

Har. Jun. He means that Fight in which he freed me from the Pirates.

Tow.

Tow. Pry'thee Friend oblige me, and call not for that Song, 'twill breed ill Blood. [To Beaumont.

Beam. Pr'ythee be not scrupulous, ye fought it bravely: Young *Harman* is ungrateful if he does not acknowledge it. I say, sing me the Sea Fight.

The Sea Fight.

*Who ever saw a noble Sight,
That never view'd a brave Sea Fight?
Hang up your bloody Colours in the Air,
Up with your Fights and your Nettings prepare,
Your merry Mates cheer, with a lusty bold Spright,
Now each Man his Brindice, and then to the Fight—
St. George, St. George we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the Gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with Culverin and with small Shot;
Heark, do's it not Thunder? no, 'tis the Guns roar,
The neighbouring Billows are turn'd into Gore,
Now each Man must resolve to die,
For here the Coward cannot fly.
Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,
And Culverins the Passing Bell.
Now, now they Grapple, and now board a-main,
Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again:
Give 'em a Broadside, the Dice run at all,
Down comes the Mast and Yard and Tacklings fall,
She grows giddy now like blind Fortune's Wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her Keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a Sight,
As this so brave, so bloody Sea Fight!*

Har. Jun. See the Insolence of these *English*; they cannot do a brave Action in an Age, but presently they must put it into Metre, to upbraid us with their Benefits.

Fisc. Let 'em laugh that win at last.

Enter Captain Middleton, and a Woman with him, all pale and weakly, and in tatter'd Garments.

Tow. Captain Middleton, you are arriv'd in a good Hour, to be partaker of my Happiness, which is as great this Day, as Love and Expectation can make it.

[Rising up to salute Middleton.
Mid.

Mid. And may it long continue so.

Tow. But how happens it that, setting out with us from *England*, you came not sooner hither?

Mid. It seems the Winds favour'd you with a quicker Passage: You know I lost you in a Storm on t'other side the *Cape*, with which disabled, I was forc'd to put into *St. Hellens Isle*, there 'twas my Fortune to preserve the Life of this our Country-woman, the rest let her relate.

Ysab. Alas, she seems half starv'd, unfit to make Relations.

Van Her. How the Devil came she off? I know her but too well, and fear she knows me too.

Tow. Pray Country-woman speak.

Eng. Wom. Then thus in brief; in my dear Husband's Company, I parted from our sweet native Isle: We to *Lantore* were bound, with Letters from the States of *Holland*, gain'd for Reparation of great Damages sustain'd by us; when by the insulting *Dutch*, our Countrymen, against all show of Right, were dispossest'd, and naked sent away from that rich Island, and from *Paleroon*.

Har. Sen. Woman, you speak with too much Spleen, I must not hear my Countrymen affronted.

Eng. Wom. I wish they did not merit much worse of me, than I can say of them: Well, we sail'd forward with a merry Gale, 'till near *St. Hellens Isle* we were o'ertaken, or rather way-lay'd by a *Holland* Vessel, the Captain of which Ship, whom here I see, the Man who quitted us of all we had in those rich Parts before, now fearing to restore his ill-got Goods, first hal'd and then invited us on Board, keeping himself conceal'd; his base Lieutenant ply'd all our *English* Mariners with Wine, and when in dead of Night they lay secure in silent Sleep, most barbarously commanded, they should be thrown o'er-board.

Fisc. Sir, do not hear it out.

Har. Sen. This is all false and scandalous.

Tow. Pray, Sir, attend the Story.

Eng. Wom. The Vessel rifled, and the rich Hold rummag'd, they sink it down to rights; but first I should have told you, (Grief alas has spoil'd my Memory) that my dear Husband, waken'd at the Noise, before they reach'd the Cabin where we lay, took me all trembling with the sudden

sudden Fright, and leapt into the Boat; we cut the Cordage, and so put out to Sea, driving at mercy of the Waves and Wind; so scap'd we in the dark. To sum up all, we got to shore, and in the Mountains hid us, until the barbarous *Hollanders* were gone.

Tow. Where is your Husband, Country-woman?

Eng. Wom. Dead with Grief; with these two Hands I scratch'd him out a Grave; on which I plac'd a Cross, and every Day wept o'er the Ground where all my Joys lay bury'd. The manner of my Life who can express! the Fountain Water was my only Drink, the crabbed Juice and Rind of half-ripe Lemmons almost my only Food, except some Roots; my House the widow'd Cave of some wild Beast; In this sad State, I stood upon the Shore, when this brave Captain with his Ship approach'd, whence holding up and waving both my Hands, I stood, and by my Actions begg'd their Mercy; yet when they nearer came, I would ha' fled, had I been able, lest they should have prov'd those murderous *Dutch* I more than Hunger fear'd.

Har. Sen. What say you to this Accusation, *Van Herrings*?

Van. Her. 'Tis as you said, Sir, false and scandalous.

Har. Sen. I told you so; all false and scandalous.

Ysab. On my Soul it is not: Her Heart speaks in her Tongue, and were she silent, her Habit and her Face speak for her.

Beam. Sir, you have heard the Proofs.

Fisc. Meer Allegations and no Proofs: Seem not to believe it, Sir.

Har. Sen. Well, well, we'll hear it another time.

Mid. You seem not to believe her Testimony, but my whole Crew can witness it.

Van Her. Ay, they are all *Englishmen*.

Tow. That's a Nation too generous to do bad Actions, and too sincere to justify 'em done; I wish their Neighbours were of the same Temper.

Har. Sen. Nay now you kindle, Captain, this must not be, we are your Friends and Servants.

Mid. 'Tis well you are by Land, at Sea you would be Masters; there I my self have met with some Affronts, which tho' I wanted power then to return, I hail'd the
Captain.

Captain of the *Holland Ship*, and told him he should dearly answer it, if e'er I met him in the *Narrow Seas*: His answer was, (mark but the Insolence) If I should hang thee *Middleton*, up at thy Main Yard, and sink thy Ship; here's that about my Neck (pointing to his Gold Chain) would answer it when I came into *Holland*.

Har. Jun. Yes, this is like the other.

Tow. I find we must complain at home, there's no Redress to be had here.

Ysab. Come Country-woman, I must call you so, since he who owns my Heart, is *English* born; be not dejected at your wretched Fortune, my House is yours, my Cloaths shall habit you, even these I wear, rather than see you thus.

Har. Sen. Come, come, no more Complaints; let us go in; I have ten Rummors ready to the Bride; as many times shall our Guns discharge, to speak the general Gladness of this Day. I'll lead you, Lady.

[Takes the Bride by the Hand.]

Tow. A heavy Omen to my Nuptials!
My Country-Men oppress by Sea and Land,
And I not able to redress the Wrong.
So weak are we, our Enemies so strong. [Exit omnes.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Wood.

Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal, with Swords, and disguis'd in Vizards.

Har. Jun. **W**E are disguis'd enough; the Evening now grows dusk, I would the Deed were done.

Enter Perez with a Soldier; and over-hears them.

Fisc. 'Twill now be suddenly, if we have Courage; in this wild woody Walk, hot with the Feast and plenteous Bowls, the Bridal Company are walking to enjoy the cooling Breeze; I spoke to *Tower*son as I said I would, and

on

on some private Business of great Moment, desir'd, that he would leave the Company, and meet me single here.

Har. Jun. Where if he comes, he never shall return; but *Towerfon* stays too long for my Revenge; I am in haste to kill him.

Fisc. He promis'd me to have been here ere now, if you think fitting, I'll go back and bring him.

Har. Jun. Do so, I'll wait you in this place. [*Exit Fisc.*]

Per. Was ever Villany like this of these unknown Assassins? *Towerfon*, in vain I sav'd thy sleeping Life, if now I let thee lose it, when thou wak'st; thou lately hast been bountiful to me, and this way I'll acknowledge it. Yet to disclose their Crimes were dangerous. What must I do? This generous *Englishman* will strait be here, and Consultation then perhaps will be too late: I am resolv'd. Lieutenant, you have heard, as well as I, the bloody Purpose of these Men.

Sold. I have, and tremble at the Mention of it.

Per. Dare you adventure on an Action as brave as theirs is base?

Sold. Command my Life.

Per. No more; help me dispatch that Murderer, ere his Accomplice come; the Men I know not; but their Design is treacherous and bloody.

Sold. And he they mean to kill, is brave himself, and of a Nation I much love.

Per. Come on then. [*Both draw.*]—*To Har.* Villain, thou dy'st, thy Conscience tells thee why; I need not urge the Crime.

[*They assault him.*]

Har. Jun. Murder! I shall be basely murder'd; help.

Enter Towerfon.

Tow. Hold, Villains, what unmanly odds is this? Courage, who-e'er thou art, I'll succour thee.

[*Towerfon fights with Peren, and Harman with the Lieutenant, and drive them off the Stage.*]

Har. Jun. Tho' (brave Unknown) Night takes thee from my Knowledge, and I want time to thank thee now; take this and wear it for my sake; [*Gives him a Ring.*] Hereafter I'll acknowledge it more largely. [*Exit.*]

Tow. That Voice I've heard, but cannot call to mind, except it be young *Harman's* — Yet who should put his Life

Life in danger thus? This Ring I would not take as Salary, but as a Gage of his free Heart who left it: And when I know him, I'll restore the Pledge; sure 'twas not far from hence I made th'Appointment: I know not what this *Dutchman's* Business is, yet I believe 'twas somewhat from my Rival; it shall go hard but I will find him out, and then rejoin the Company. [Exit,

Re-enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.

Fisc. The Accident was wond'rous strange: Did you neither know your Assassinate, nor your Deliverer?

Har. Jun. 'Twas all a hurry, yet upon better recollecting of my self, the Man who freed me, must be *Towerfon*.

Fisc. Hark, I hear the Company walking this way, will you withdraw?

Har. Jun. Withdraw, and *Ysabinda* coming!

Fisc. The Wood is full of Murderers, every Tree methinks hides one behind it.

Har. Jun. You have two Qualities, my Friend, that sort but ill together, as mischievous as Hell could wish you, but fearful in the Execution.

Fisc. There is a thing within me call'd a Conscience, which is not quite o'ercome, now and then it rebels a little, especially when I am alone, or in the dark.

Har. Jun. The Moon begins to rise, and glitters thro' the Trees.

Ysab. [Within.] Pray let us walk this way, that farther Lawn between the Groves, is the most green and pleasant of any in this Isle.

Har. Jun. I hear my Siren's voice, I cannot stir from hence; dear Friend, if thou wilt e'er oblige me, divert the Company a little, and give me Opportunity a while to talk alone with her.

Fisc. You'll get nothing of her, except it be by force.

Har. Jun. You know not with what Eloquence Love may inspire my Tongue: The guiltiest Wretch when ready for his Sentence, has something still to say.

Fisc. Well, they come, I'll put you in a way, and wish you good Success, but do you hear; remember you are a Man, and she a Woman; a little Force it may be would do well.

Enter

Enter Yfabinda, Beamont, Middleton, Collins, Harman Senior, and Julia.

Yfab. Who saw the Bridegroom last?

Har. Sen. He refus'd to pledge the last Romer; so I am out of Charity with him.

Beam. Come, shall we backward to the Castle, I'll take care of you, Lady. [Care.

Jul. Oh, you have drunk so much, you are past all

Col. But where can be this jolly Bridegroom? Answer me that, I will have the Bride satisfy'd.

Fisc. He walk'd alone this way; we met him lately.

Yfab. I beseech you, Sir, conduct us.

Har. Jun. I'll bring you to him, Madam.

Fisc. to Har. Jun. Remember, now's your time, if you o'er slip this Minute, Fortune perhaps will never send another.

Har. Jun. I am resolv'd.

Fisc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll tell you such a pleasant Accident, you'll think the Evening short.

Jul. I love a Story, and a Walk by Moonshine.

Fisc. Lend me your Hand then, Madam.

[Takes her by the one Hand.

Beam. But one, I beseech you then; I must not quit her so. [Takes her by the other Hand. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Harman Junior, and Yfabinda.

Yfab. Come, Sir, which is the Way? I long to see my Love.

Har. Jun. You may have your Wish, and without stirring hence.

Yfab. My Love so near? Sure you delight to mock me.

Har. Jun. 'Tis you delight to torture me; behold the Man who loves you more than his own Eyes, more than the Joys of Earth, or Hopes of Heav'n.

Yfab. When you renew'd your Friendship with my *Towerson*, I thought these vain Desires were dead within you.

Har. Jun. Smother'd they were, not dead; your Eyes can kindle no such petty Fires, as only blaze a while, and straight go out.

Yfab. You know when I had far less Tyes upon me, I would not hear you; therefore wonder not if I withdraw, and find the Company.

Har.

Har. Jun. That would be too much Cruelty, to make me wretched, and then leave me so.

Ysab. Am I in fault if you are miserable? so you may call the rich Man's Wealth, the Cause and Object of the Robber's Guilt: Pray do not persecute me farther: You know I have a Husband now, and would be loth t'afflict his Knowledge with your second Folly.

Har. Jun. What wond'rous Care you take to make him happy! yet I approve your Method. Ignorance, oh, 'tis a Jewel to a Husband, that, 'tis Peace in him, 'tis Virtue in his Wife, 'tis Honour in the World; he has all this, while he is ignorant.

Ysab. You pervert my Meaning: I would not keep my Actions from his Knowledge; your bold Attempts I would: But yet henceforth conceal your impious Flames; I shall not ever be thus indulgent to your Shame, to keep it from his Notice.

Har. Jun. You are a Woman; have enough of Love for him and me; I know the plenteous Harvest all is his: He has so much of Joy, that he must labour under it. In Charity you may allow some Gleanings to a Friend.

Ysab. Now you grow rude: I'll hear no more.

Har. Jun. You must.

Ysab. Leave me.

Har. Jun. I cannot.

Ysab. I find I must be troubled with this idle Talk some Minutes more, but 'tis your last.

Har. Jun. And therefore I'll improve it: Pray resolve to make me happy by your free Consent; I do not love these half Enjoyments, t'enervate my Delights with using Force, and neither give my self nor you that full Content, which two can never have, but where both join with equal Eagerness to bless each other.

Ysab. Bless me, ye kind Inhabitants of Heav'n, from hearing words like these.

Har. Jun. You must do more than hear 'em: You know you were now going to your Bridal Bed. Call your own Thoughts but to a strict Account, they'll tell you all this Day, your Fancy ran on nothing else; 'tis but the same Scene still you were to act; only the Person chang'd, it may be for the better.

Ysab.

Ysab. You dare not, sure, attempt this Villany.

Har. Jun. Call not the Act of Love by that gross Name, you'll give it a much better when 'tis done; and wooe me to a Second.

Ysab. Dost thou not fear a Heav'n?

Har. Jun. No, I hope one in you. Do it, and do it heartily; Time is precious; it will prepare you better for your Husband — Come. *[Lays hold on her.]*

Ysab. O Mercy, Mercy! Oh pity your own Soul, and pity mine; Think how you'll wish undone this horrid Act, when your hot Lust is slak'd: Think what will follow when my Husband knows it, if Shame will let me live to tell it him: and tremble at a Power above, who sees, and surely will revenge it.

Har. Jun. I have thought!

Ysab. Then I am sure you're Penitent.

Har. Jun. No, I only gave you scope, to let you see all you have urg'd I knew: You find 'tis to no purpose either to talk or strive.

Ysab. *[Running.]* Some Succour, help, oh help!

[She breaks from him.]

Har. Jun. *[Running after her.]* That too is vain, you cannot scape me. *[Exit.]*

Har. Jun. *[Within.]* Now you are mine; yield, or by force I'll take it.

Ysab. *[Within.]* Oh kill me first.

Har. Jun. *[Within.]* I'll bear you where your Cries shall not be heard.

Ysab. *[As further off.]* Succour, sweet Heav'n, oh Succour me!

Enter Harman Senior, Fiscal, Van Herring, Beaumont, Collins and Julia.

Beam. You have led us here a Fairy's Round in the Moonshine, to seek a Bridegroom in a Wood, till we have lost the Bride.

Col. I wonder what's become of her?

Har. Sen. Got together, got together I warrant you, before this time; you *Englishmen* are so hot, you cannot stay for Ceremonies; a good honest *Dutchman* would have been plying the Glais all this while, and drunk to the hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bed-time.

Beam.

Beam. Yes, and then have rowl'd into the Sheets, and turn'd o'th' t'other side to snore, without so much as a parting Blow; till about Midnight he would have waken'd in a Maze, and found first he was marry'd by putting forth a Foot, and feeling a Woman by him; and it may be then instead of kissing, desir'd yough Fro to hold his Head.

Col. And by that Night's Work have given her a Proof, what she might expect for ever after.

Beam. In my Conscience you *Hollanders* never get your Children, but in the Spirit of Brandy; you are exalted then a little above your natural Phlegm, and only that which can make you fight, and destroy Men, makes you get 'em.

Fisc. You may live to know, that we can kill Men when we are sober.

Beam. Then they must be drunk, and not able to defend themselves.

Jul. Pray leave this Talk, and let us try if we can surprize the Lovers under some convenient Tree: Shall we separate and look them?

Beam. Let you and I go together then, and if we cannot find them, we shall do as good, for we shall find one another.

Fisc. Pray take that Path, or that, I will pursue this.
[*Exeunt all but the Fisc.*]

Fisc. So, now I have diverted them from *Harman*: I'll look for him my self, and see how he speeds in his Adventure.

Enter Harman Junior.

Har. Jun. Who goes there?

Fisc. A Friend: I was just in quest of you, so are all the Company: Where have you left the Bride?

Har. Jun. Ty'd to a Tree and gagg'd, and——

Fisc. And what? Why do you stare and tremble? Answer me like a Man.

Har. Jun. Oh, I have nothing left of Manhood in me; I am turn'd Beast or Devil, have I not Horns, and Tail, and leathern Wings? Methinks I should have by my Actions——Oh I have done a Deed so ill, I cannot name it.

Fisc. Not name it, and yet do it? That's a Fool's Modesty

defty : Come, I'll name it for you : You have enjoy'd your Mistress?

Har. Jun. How easily so great a Villany comes from thy Mouth ! I have done worse, I have ravish'd her.

Fisc. That's no Harm, so you have kill'd her afterwards.

Har. Jun. Kill'd her ! why thou art a worse Fiend than I.

Fisc. Those Fits of Conscience in another might be excusable ; but, in you, a *Dutchman*, who are of a Race that are born Rebels, and live every where on Rapine ; wou'd you degenerate, and have remorse ? Pray what makes any thing a Sin but Law ; and, what Law is there here against it ? Is not your Father Chief ? Will he condemn you for a petty Rape ? The Woman an *Amboyner*, and what's less, now marry'd to an *Englishman*. Come, if there be a Hell, 'tis but for those that sin in *Europe*, not for us in *Asia* ; Heathens have no Hell. Tell me, how was't ? Pr'ythee the History.

Har. Jun. I forc'd her — What Resistance she could make she did, but 'twas in vain ; I bound her as I told you to a Tree.

Fisc. And she exclaim'd, I warrant —

Har. Jun. Yes, and call'd Heav'n and Earth to Witness.

Fisc. Not after it was done.

Har. Jun. More than before — desir'd me to have kill'd her. Even when I had not left her Power to speak, she curs'd me with her Eyes.

Fisc. Nay, then, you did not please her ; if you had, she ne'er had curs'd you heartily ; but, we lose time : Since you have done this Action, 'tis necessary you proceed ; we must have no Tales told.

Har. Jun. What do you mean ?

Fisc. To dispatch her immediately ; cou'd you be so senseless to Ravish her, and let her live ? What if her Husband shou'd have found her ? What if any other *English* ? Come, there's no dallying ; it must be done : My other Plot is ripe, which shall destroy 'em all to-morrow.

Har. Jun. I love her still to Madness, and never can consent to have her kill'd ; we'll thence remove her if you please, and keep her safe till your intended Plot shall take Effect ; and when her Husband's gone, I'll win her Love by every Circumstance of Kindness.

Euse. You may do so; but, t'other is the safer Way:
But I'll not stand with you for one Life. I could have
wish'd that *Towerson* had been kill'd before I had pro-
ceeded to my Plot; but since it cannot be, we must go on;
Conduct me where you left her.

Har. Jun. Oh that I could forget both Act and Place.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *drawn discovers Ysabinda bound.*

Enter Towerson.

Tow. Sure I mistook the Place, I'll wait no longer:
Something within me does forbode me ill;
I stumbled when I enter'd first this Wood;
My Nostrils bled three Drops; then stop'd the Blood,
And not one more wou'd follow.
What's that which seems to bear a mortal Shape, [*Sees Ysa.*]
Yet neither stirs nor speaks! or, is it some
Illusion of the Night? some Spectre, such
As in these *Asian* Parts more frequently appear;
Whate'er it be, I'll venture to approach it; [*Goes near.*]
My *Ysabinda* bound and gagg'd! Ye Powers,
I tremble while I free her, and scarce dare
Restore her Liberty of Speech, for fear
Of knowing more. [*Unbinds her, and ungags her.*]

Ysab. No longer Bridegroom thou, nor I a Bride;
Those Names are vanish'd; Love is now no more;
Look on me as thou would'st on some foul Leper;
And do not touch me; I am all polluted,
All Shame, all o'er Dishonour; fly my Sight,
And, for my sake, fly this detested Isle,
Where horrid Ills so black and fatal dwell,
As *Indians* could not guess, till *Europe* taught.

Tow. Speak plainer, I am recollected now;
I know I am a Man, the Sport of Fate;
Yet, oh my better Half, had Heav'n so pleas'd,
I had been more content, to suffer in my self
Than thee.

Ysab. What shall I say! That Monster of a Man,
Harman; now I have nam'd him, think the rest,
Alone, and singled like a tim'rous Hind
From the full Herd, by Flattery drew me first,

Then

Then forc'd me to an Act, so base, and brutal !
Heav'n knows my Innocence : But, why do I
Call that to Witness !

Heaven saw, stood silent : Not one flash of Lightning
Shot from the conscious Firmament, to shew its Justice:
Oh had it struck us both, it had sav'd me !

Tow. Heav'n suffer'd more in that, than you, or I:
Wherefore have I been faithful to my Trust,
True to my Love, and tender to th' Oppress ?
Am I condemn'd to be the second Man,
Who e'er complain'd he Virtue serv'd in vain ?
But dry your Tears, these Sufferings all are mine.
Your Breast is white, and cold as falling Snow ;
You still as fragrant as your Eastern Groves ;
And your whole Frame as innocent, and holy,
As if your Being were all Soul and Spirit,
Without the gross Allay of Flesh and Blood.
Come to my Arms again.

Ysab. O never, never,
I am not worthy now ; my Soul indeed
Is free from Sin ; but the foul speckled Stains
Are from my Body ne'er to be wash'd out,
But in my Death. Kill me, my Love, or I
Must kill my self ; else you may think I was
A black Adulteress in my Mind, and some
Of me consented.

Tow. Your Wish to die, shews you deserve to live.
I have proclaim'd you guiltless to my self.
Self-homicide, which was in Heathens Honour,
In us is only Sin.

Ysab. I thought th' Eternal Mind
Had made us Masters of these mortal Frames ;
You told me he had given us Wills to chuse,
And Reason to direct us in our Choice ;
If so, why should he tie us up from dying,
When Death's the greater Good ?

Tow. Can Death, which is our greatest Enemy, be
Death is the Dissolution of our Nature ; [good ?
And Nature therefore does abhor it most,
Whose greatest Law is to preserve our Beings.

Ysab. I grant, it is its great and general Law :

But as Kings, who are, or should be above Laws,
 Dispenſe with 'em when levell'd at themſelves;
 Even ſo may Man, without Offence to Heav'n,
 Diſpenſe with what concerns himſelf alone:
 Nor is Death in it ſelf an Ill;

Then holy Martyrs ſinn'd, who ran uncall'd
 To ſnatch their Martyrdom: And bleſſed Virgins,
 Whom you celebrate for voluntary Death,
 To free themſelves from that which I have ſuffer'd.

Tow. They did it to prevent what might enſue;
 Your Shame's already paſt.

Yſab. It may return,
 If I am yet ſo mean to live a little longer.

Tow. You know not, Heaven may give you Succour
 You ſee it ſends me to you. [yet,

Yſab. 'Tis too late,
 You ſhou'd have come before.

Tow. You may live to ſee your ſelf reveng'd.
 Come you ſhall ſtay for that, then I'll die with you.
 You have convinc'd my Reason, nor am I
 Aſham'd to learn from you.

To Heaven's Tribunal my Appeal I make;
 If as a Governor he ſets me here,
 To guard this weak-built Citadel of Life,
 When 'tis no longer to be held, I may
 With Honour quit the Fort. But firſt I'll both
 Revenge my ſelf and you.

Yſab. Alas. you cannot take Revenge, your Country-
 Are few, and thoſe unarm'd. [men

Tow. Tho' not on all the Nation, as I wou'd;
 Yet I at leaſt can take it on the Man.

Yſab. Leave me to Heaven's Revenge, for thither I
 Will go, and plead my ſelf my own juſt Cauſe.
 There's not an injur'd Saint of all my Sex,
 But kindly will conduct me to my Judge,
 And help me tell my Story.

Tow. I'll ſend th' Offender firſt, tho' to that Place
 He never can arrive: Ten thouſand Devils
 Damn'd for leſs Crimes than he,
 And *Tarquin* in their Head, way-lay his Soul,
 To pull him down in Triumph, and to ſhew him

In Pomp among his Country-men ; for sure
Hell has its *Nether-lands*, and its lowest Country
Must be their Lot.

Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.

Har. Jun. 'Twas hereabout I left her ty'd. The Rage
of Love renews again within me.

Fisc. She'll like th' Effects on't better now. By this
time it has sunk into her Imagination, and given her a
more pleasing Idea of the Man, who offer'd her so sweet
a Violence.

Ysab. Save me, sweet Heaven, the Monster comes again !

Har. Jun. Oh here she is : My own fair Bride, for so
you are, not *Tower-son's* : Let me unbind you ; I expect
that you should bind your self about me now, and tie me
in your Arms.

Tow. [Drawing.] No, Villain, no ; hot Satyr of the
Expect another Entertainment now. [Woods !]

Behold Revenge for injur'd Chastity.

This Sword Heaven draws against thee,

And here has plac'd me like a fiery Cherub,

To guard this Paradise from any second Violation.

Fisc. We must dispatch him. Sir, we have the odds ;
And when he's kill'd, leave me t'invent th' Excuse.]

Har. Jun. Hold, a little : As you shun'd fighting for-
merly with me, so wou'd I now with you. The Mis-
chiefs I have done are past recall. Yield then your use-
less Right in her I love, since the Possession is no longer
yours ; so is your Honour safe, and so is hers, the Hus-
band only alter'd.

Tow. Ye trifle, there's no room for Treaty here :

The Shame's too open, and the Wrong too great.

Now all the Saints in Heaven look down to see

The Justice I shall do, for 'tis their Cause ;

And all the Fiends below prepare thy Tortures.

Ysab. If *Tower-son* wou'd, think'st thou my Soul so poor
To own thy Sin, and make the base Act mine,
By chusing him who did it ? Know, bad Man,
I'll die with him, but never live with thee.

Tow. Prepare, I shall suspect you stay for further Help,
And think not this enough.

Fisc. We are ready for you.

T 3

Har.

Har. Jun. Stand back, I'll fight with him alone.

Fisc. Thank you for that; so if he kills you, I shall have him single upon me. *[All three fight.]*

Ysab. Heaven assist my Love.

Har. Jun. There, *Englishman*, 'twas meant well to thy Heart. *[Towerston wounded.]*

Fisc. Oh you can bleed, I see, for all your Cause.

Tow. Wounds but awaken *English* Courages.

Har. Jun. Yet yield 'me *Ysabinda*, and be safe.

Tow. I'll fight my self all scarlet over first;

Were there no Love, or no Revenge,
I cou'd not now desist in Point of Honour.

Har. Jun. Resolve me first one Question:
Did you not draw your Sword this Night before,
To rescue one oppress'd with Odds?

Tow. Yes, in this very Wood: I bear a Ring,
The Badge of Gratitude from him I sav'd. *[kill]*

Har. Jun. This Ring was mine; I shou'd be loth to
The frank Redeemer of my Life.

Tow. I quit that Obligation. But we lose time. Come,
Ravisher.

[They fight again, Tow. closes with Harm. and gets him down; as he is going to kill him, the Fisc. gets over him.]

Fisc. Hold, and let him rise; for if you kill him, at
the same instant you die too.

Tow. Dog, do thy worst, for I would so be kill'd;
I'll carry his Soul captive with me into the other World.

[Stabs Hartman.]

Har. Jun. O Mercy, Mercy, Heaven. *[Dies.]*

Fisc. Take this then in return.

[As he's going to stab him, Ysab. takes hold of his Hand.]

Ysab. Hold, hold; the Weak may give some Help.

Tow. *[Rising.]* Now, Sir, I am for you.

Fisc. *[Retiring.]* Hold, Sir, there is no more Resistance
I beg you by the Honour of your Nation, *[made.]*
Do not pursue my Life, I tender you my Sword.

[Holds his Sword by the Point to him.]

Tow. Base beyond Example of any Country, but thy
own.

Ysab. Kill him, sweet Love, or we shall both repent it.

Fisc. *[Kneeling to her.]* Divinest Beauty! Abstract of all
that's

that's excellent in Woman, can you be Friend to Murder?

Ysab. 'Tis none to kill a Villain, and a Dutchman.

Fisc. [*Kneeling to Towerfon.*] Noble Englishman, give me my Life, unworthy of your taking. By all that's Good and Holy here I swear, before the Governor to plead your Cause; and to declare his Son's detested Crime, so to secure your Lives.

Tow. Rise, take thy Life, tho' I can scarce believe thee; If for a Coward it be possible, become an honest Man.

Enter Harman Senior, Van Herring, Beaumont, Collins, Julia, the Governor's Guard.

Fisc. to Har. Oh Sir, you come in time to rescue me; The greatest Villain who this Day draws Breath Stands here before your Eyes; behold your Son, That worthy, sweet, unfortunate young Man Lies there, the last cold Breath yet hovering Betwixt his trembling Lips.

Tow. Oh Monster of Ingratitude!

Har. Oh my unfortunate old Age, whose Prop And only Staff is gone, dead ere I die: These shou'd have been his Tears, and I have been That Body to be mourn'd.

Beam. I am so much amaz'd, I scarce believe my Senses.

Fisc. And will you let him live, who did this Act? Shall Murder, and of your own Son, And such a Son, go free? He lives too long By this one Minute which he stays behind him.

Ysab. Oh Sir, remember, in that Place you hold, You are a common Father to us all; We beg but Justice of you; hearken first To my lamented Story.

Fisc. First hear me, Sir.

Tow. Thee, Slave! thou liv'st but by the Breath I gave thee. Didst thou but now plead on thy Knees for Life? And offer'dst to make known my Innocence In Harman's Injuries?

Fisc. I offer'd to have clear'd thy Innocence Who basely murder'd him? But Words are needless; Sir, you see Evidence before your Eyes, And I the Witness, on my Oath to Heaven, How clear your Son, how criminal this Man.

Col. Towerfon could do nothing but what was Noble.
Beam. We know his native Worth.

Fisc. His Worth? Behold it on the Murderer's Hand,
 A Robber first, he took Degrees in Mischief,
 And grew to what he is: Know you that Diamond,
 And whose it was? See if he dares deny't.

Tow. Sir, 'twas your Son's, that freely I acknowledge;
 But how I came by it——

Har. No, 'tis too much, I'll hear no more.

Fisc. The Devil of Jealousy, and that of Avarice, both
 I believe possess him; or your Son was innocently talking
 with his Wife, and he perhaps had found 'em; this I guess,
 but saw it not, because I came too late. I only view'd
 the sweet Youth, just expiring, and *Towerfon* stooping
 down to take the Ring: She kneeling by to help him;
 when he saw me, he wou'd, you may be sure, have sent
 me after, because I was a Witness of the Fact; this on my
 Soul is true.

Tow. False as that Soul, each Word, each Syllable;
 The Ring he put upon my Hand this Night,
 When in this Wood unknown, and near this Place,
 Without my timely Help he had been slain.

Fisc. See this unlikely Story.
 What Enemies had he who shou'd assault him?
 Or is it probable that very Man,
 Who actually did kill him afterwards,
 Should save his Life so little time before?

Yab. Base Man, thou know'st the reason of his Death;
 He had committed on my Person, Sir,
 An impious Rape; first ty'd me to that Tree,
 And there my Husband found me, whose Revenge
 Was such, as Heaven and Earth will justify.

Har. I know not what Heaven will, but Earth shall not.

Beam. Her Story carries such a Face of Truth,
 Ye cannot but believe it.

Col. The other, a malicious ill-patch'd Lye.

Fisc. Yes, you are proper Judges of his Crime,
 Who with the rest of your Accomplices,
 Your Countrymen, and *Towerfon* the Chief,
 Whom we too kindly us'd, would have surpriz'd
 The Fort, and made us Slaves: that shall be prov'd,

More

More soon than you imagine; I found it out
This Evening.

Tow. Sure the Devil has lent thee all his stock of Falshood, and must be forc'd hereafter to tell Truth.

Beam. Sir, 'tis impossible you should believe it.

Har. Seize 'em all.

Col. You cannot be so base.

Har. I'll be so just 'till I can hear your Plea
Against this Plot; which if not prov'd, and fully,
You are quit; mean time, Resistance is but vain.

Tow. Provided that we may have equal Hearing,
I am content to yield, though I declare
You have no Power to judge us. [*Gives his Sword.*]

Beam. Barb'rous ungrateful *Dutch.*

Har. See 'em convey'd apart to several Prisons,
Lest they combine to forge some specious Lye
In their Excuse.

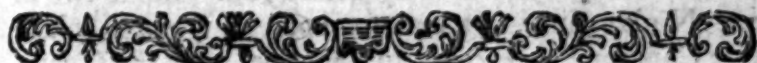
Let *Towerson* and that Woman too be parted.

Ysab. Was ever such a sad Divorce made on a Bridal Night!
But we before were parted ne'er to meet.
Farewel, farewel, my last and only Love.

Tow. Curse on my fond Credulity, to think
There cou'd be Faith or Honour in the *Dutch*:
Farewel my *Ysabinda*, and farewel

My much wrong'd Countrymen; remember yet
That no unmanly Weakness in your Sufferings
Disgrace the native Honour of our Isle;

For you I mourn, Grief for my self were vain,
I have lost all, and now wou'd lose my Pain. [*Ex.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Table set out.

Enter Harman, Fiscal, Van Herring, and two Dutchmen:

They sit. Boy, and Waiters, Guards.

Har. **M**Y Sorrow cannot be so soon digested for losing
of a Son I lov'd so well; but I consider, great

Advantages must with some Loss be bought : As this rich Trade which I this Day have purchas'd with his Death ; yet let me be reveng'd, and I shall still live on, and eat and drink down all my Grievs. Now to the matter, *Fiscal*.

Fisc. Since we may freely speak among our selves, all I have said of *Towerfon* was most false ; you were consenting, Sir, as well as I, that *Perez* should be hir'd to murder him, which he refusing when he was engag'd, 'tis dangerous to let him longer live.

Van Her. Dispatch him, he will be a shrewd Witness against us, if he returns to *Europe*.

Fisc. I have thought better, if you please, to kill him by form of Law, as necessary to the *English* Plot, which I have long been forging.

Har. Send one to seize him strait. [*Ex. a Messenger.*] But what you said, that *Towerfon* was guiltless of my Son's Death, I easily believe ; and ne'er thought otherwise, though I disssembled.

Van Her. Nor I ; but 'twas well done to feign that Story.

1 *Dutch.* The true one was too foul.

2 *Dutch.* And afterwards to draw the *English* off from his Concernment, to their own, I think 'twas rarely manag'd that.

Har. So far, 'twas well ; now to proceed, for I would gladly know whether the Grounds are plausible enough of this pretended Plot.

Fisc. With favour of this Honourable Court, give me but leave to smoothe the Way before you. Some two or three Nights since, (it matters not,) a *Japan* Soldier under Captain *Perez*, came to a Sentinel upon the Guard, and in familiar Talk did question him about this Castle, of its Strength ; and how he thought it might be taken ; this Discourse the other told me early the next Morning : I thereupon did issue private Orders, to rack the *Japanese*, my self being present.

Har. But what's this to the *English* ?

Fisc. You shall hear : I ask'd him when his Pains were strongest on him, if *Towerfon*, or the *English* Factory, had never hir'd him to betray the Fort ? he answer'd, (as 'twas true)

true) they never had : Nor was his Meaning more in that Discourse, than as a Soldier to inform himself, and so to pass the time.

Van Her. Did he confess no more ?

Fisc. You interrupt me. I told him I was certainly inform'd the *English* had Designs upon the Castle, and if he frankly would confess their Plot, he shou'd not only be releas'd from Torment, but bounteously rewarded : Present Pain and future Hope, in fine, so wrought upon him, he yielded to subscribe whate'er I pleas'd ; and so he stands committed.

Har. Well contriv'd, a fair way made, upon this Accusation, to put them all to Torture.

2 Dutch. By his Confession, all of 'em shall die, ev'n to their General *Towerfon*.

Har. He stands convicted of another Crime, for which he is to suffer.

Fisc. This do's well, to help it though. For *Towerfon* is here a Person publicly employ'd from *England*, and if he shou'd appeal, as sure he will, you have no Power to judge him in *Ambayna*.

Van Her. But in regard of the late League and Union betwixt the Nations, how can this be answer'd ?

1 Dutch. To torture Subjects to so great a King, a Pain ne'er heard of in their happy Land, will sound but ill in *Europe*.

Fisc. Their *English* Laws, in *England* have their force ; and we have ours, different from theirs, at home ; it is enough, they either shall confess, or we will falsify their Hands to make 'em. Then for th'Apology let me alone ; I have it writ already to a Tittle, of what they shall subscribe ; this I will publish, and make our most unheard of Cruelties to seem most just and legal.

Har. Then in the Name of him, who put it first into thy Head to form this dam'd false Plot, proceed we to the Execution of it. And to begin ; first seize we their Effects, rifle their Chests, their Boxes, Writings, Books, and take of 'em a seeming Inventory ; but all to our own Use ; I shall grow young with thought of this, and lose my Son's remembrance.

Fisc.

Fisc. Will you not please to call the Prisoners in? At least inquire, what Torments have extorted.

Har. Go thou and bring us word. [*Exit Fisc.*]

Boy, give me some Tobacco, and a Stope of Wine, Boy.

Boy. I shall, Sir.

Har. And a Tub to leak in, Boy; when was this Table without a leaking Vessel?

Van Her. That's an Omission.

r Dutch. A great Omission. 'Tis a Member of the Table, I take it so.

Har. Never any thing of Moment was done at our Council-Table, without a leaking Tub, at least in my time; great Affairs require great Consultations, great Consultations require great Drinking, and great Drinking a great leaking Vessel.

Van Her. I am e'en drunk with Joy already, to see our godly Business in this forwardness.

Enter Fisc.

Har. Where are the Prisoners?

Fisc. At the Door.

Har. Bring 'em in; I'll try if we can face 'em down by Impudence, and make 'em to confess.

Enter Beamont and Collins guarded.

You are not ignorant of our Business with you: the Cries of your Accomplies have already reach'd your Ears; and your own Consciences, above a thousand Summons, thousand Tortures, instruct you what to do. No farther Juggling, nothing but plain Sincerity and Truth to be deliver'd now; a free Confession will first atone for all your Sins above; and may do much below to gain your Pardons. Let me exhort you therefore, be you merciful, first to your selves, and make acknowledgement of your Conspiracy.

Beam. What Conspiracy?

Fisc. Why la you, that the Devil shou'd go mask'd with such a seeming honest Face; I warrant you know of no such thing.

Har. Were not you Mr. *Beamont*, and you *Collins*, both accessary to the horrid Plot, for the Surprisal of this Fort and Island?

Beam. As I shall reconcile my Sins to Heaven, in my last Article of Life, I'm innocent.

Col.

Col. And so am I.

Har. So, you are first upon the Negative.

Beam. And will be so 'til! Death.

Col. What Plot is this you speak of?

Fisc. Here are impudent Rogues, now after Confession of two *Japonneses*, these *English* Starts dare ask what Plot it is.

Har. Not to inform your Knowledge, but that Law may have its Course in every Circumstance; *Fiscal*, sum up their Accusation to 'em.

Fisc. You stand accus'd, that *New-years* Day last past, there met at Captain *Tower-son's* House, you present, and many others of your Factory: There, against Law and Justice, and all Ties of Friendship, and of Partnership betwixt us, you did conspire to seize upon the Fort, to murder this our worthy Governor; and by the help of your Plantations near, of *Jacatra*, and *Banda*, and *Lobo*, to keep it for your selves.

Beam. What Proofs have you of this?

Fisc. The Confession of two *Japonneses* hir'd by you to attempt it.

Beam. I hear they have been forc'd by Torture to it.

Harm. It matters not which way the Truth comes out; take heed, for their Example is before you.

Beam. Ye have no Right, ye dare not torture us; we owe you no Subjection.

Fisc. That, Sir, must be disputed at the *Hague*; in the mean time we are in Possession here.

2 Dutch. And we can make our selves to be obey'd.

Van Her. In few words, Gentlemen, confess. There is a Beverage ready for you else, which you'll not like to swallow.

Col. How's this?

Har. You shall be muffled up like Ladies, with an oil'd Cloath put underneath your Chins, then Water pour'd above; which either you must drink, or must not breathe.

1 Dutch. That's one Way, we have others.

Har. Yes, we have two Elements at your Service, Fire, as well as Water; certain things call'd Matches to be ty'd to your Fingers ends, which are as sovereign as Nutmegs, to quicken your short Memories.

Beam.

Beam. You are inhuman, to make your Cruelty your Pastime; Nature made me a Man, and not a Whale, to swallow down a Flood.

Har. You'll grow a corpulent Gentleman like me; I shall love you the better for't, now you are but a spare Rib.

Fisc. These things are only offer'd to your Choice; you may avoid your Tortures, and confels.

Col. Kill us first, for that we know is your Design at last; and 'tis more Mercy now.

Beam. Be kind, and execute us, while we bear the Shapes of Men, ere Fire and Water have destroy'd our Figures; let me go whole out of the World, I care not; and find my Body when I rise again, so as I need not be ashamed on't.

Har. 'Tis well you're merry; will you yet confels?

Beam. Never.

Har. Bear 'em away to Torture.

Van Her. We'll try your Constancy.

Beam. We'll shame your Cruelty; if we deserve our Tortures, 'tis first for freeing such an infamous Nation, that ought to have been Slaves, and then for trusting them as Partners, who had cast off the Yoke of their lawful Sovereign.

Har. Away, I'll hear no more: now who comes the next? [Exeunt the English with a Guard.

Fisc. Tower-son's Page, a Ship Boy, and a Woman.

Har. Call 'em in.

[Exit a Messenger.

Van Her. We shall have easy Work with them.

Fisc. Not so easy as you imagine, they have indur'd the Beverage already; all Masters of their Pain, no one confessing.

Har. The Devil's in these English; those brave Boys wou'd prove stout Topers if they liv'd.

Enter two Boys and a Woman led as from Torture.

Come hither, ye perverse Imps; they say, you have indured the Water Torment, we'll try what Fire will do with you: You Sirrah, confels, were not you knowing of Tower-son's Plot, against this Fort and Island?

Page. I have told your Hangman no, twelve times within this Hour, when I was at the last Gasp, and that's

that's a Time, I think, when a Man shou'd not dissemble.

Har. A Man! mark you that now; you *English* Boys have learnt a Trick of late, of growing Men betimes; and doing Mens Work too, before you come to twenty.

Van Her. Sirrah, I will try if you are a Salamander, and can live i'th' Fire.

Page. Sure you think my Father got me of some *Dutch* Woman, and that I am but of a half-strain Courage; but you shall find that I am all o'er *English*, as well in Fire as Water.

2 Boy. Well, of all Religions, I do not like your *Dutch*.
Fisc. No, and why, young Stripling?

2 Boy. Because your Penance comes before Confession.

Har. Do you mock us, Sirrah? to the Fire with him.

2 Boy. Do so, all you shall get by it, is this; before I answer'd no, now I'll be fullen and will talk no more.

Har. Best cutting off these little Rogues betime; if they grow Men, they'll have the Spirit of Revenge in 'em.

Page. Yes, as your Children have that of Rebellion; oh that I cou'd but live to be Governour here, to make your fat Guts pledge me in that Beverage I drunk, you Sir *John Falstaff* of *Amsterdam*.

2 Boy. I have a little Brother in *England*, that I intend to appear to, when you have kill'd me; and if he does not promise me the Death of ten *Dutchmen* in the next War, I'll haunt him instead of you.

Har. What say you, Woman? Have Compassion of your self, and confesse; you are of a softer Sex.

Wom. But of a Courage full as manly; there is no Sex in Souls; would you have *English* Wives shew less of Bravery than their Children do? To lie by an *English* Man's Side, is enough to give a Woman Resolution.

Fisc. Here's a Hen of the Game too, but we shall tame you in the Fire.

Wom. My Innocence shall there be try'd like Gold, till it come out the purer. When you have burnt me all into one Wound, cram Gunpowder into't, and blow me up, I'll not confesse one Word to shame my Country.

Har. I think we have got here the Mother of the *Maccabees*; away with them all three.

[*Exeunt the English guarded.*

I'll

I'll take the Pains my self to see these tortur'd.

[*Exeunt Harman, Van Herring, and the two Dutchmen with the English: Manet Fisc.*]

Enter Julia to the Fisc.

Jul. Oh you have ruin'd me, you have undone me, in the Person of my Husband!

Fisc. If he will needs forfeit his Life to the Laws, by joining with the *English* in a Plot, 'tis not in me to save him; but dearest *Julia* be satisfy'd, you shall not want a Husband.

Jul. Do you think, I'll ever come into a Bed with him, who robb'd me of my dear sweet Man?

Fisc. Dry up your Tears, I'm in earnest, I will marry you, i'faith I will; it is your Destiny.

Jul. Nay, if it be my Destiny; But I vow I'll ne'er be yours but upon one Condition.

Fisc. Name your Desire and take it.

Jul. Then save poor *Beaumont's* Life.

Fisc. This is the most unkind Request you cou'd have made, it shews you love him better: Therefore in Prudence I should haste his Death.

Jul. Come, I'll not be deny'd, you shall give me his Life, or I'll not love you, by this Kiss you shall, Child.

Fisc. Pray ask some other Thing.

Jul. I have your Word for this, and if you break it, how shall I trust you for your marrying me?

Fisc. Well, I will do't to oblige you. [*Aside.*] But to prevent her new Designs with him, I'll see him shipt away for *England* straight.

Jul. I may build upon your Promise then?

Fisc. Most firmly: I hear Company.

Enter Harman, Van Herring, and the two Dutchmen, with Towerfon Prisoner.

Har. Now Captain *Towerfon*, you have had the Privilege to be examin'd last: This on the Score of my old Friendship with you, though you have ill deserv'd it. But here you stand accus'd of no less Crimes than Robbery, first, then Murder, and last Treason: What can you say to clear your self?

Tow. You're interested in all, and therefore partial; I have consider'd on't, and will not plead,

Because

Because I know you have no Right to judge me:
For the last Treaty 'twixt our King and you
Expresly said, thar Causes criminal
Were first to be Examin'd, and then Judg'd,
Not here, but by the Council of Defence;
To whom I make appeal.

Fisc. This Court conceives that it has Power to judge
you, deriv'd from the most High and Mighty States,
who in this Island are Supream, and that as well in Cri-
minal, as Civil Causes.

Dutch. You are not to question the Authority of the
Court, which is to judge you.

Tow. Sir, by your Favour, I both must, and will:
I'll not so far betray my Nation's Right;
We are not here your Subjects, but your Partners:
And that Supremacy of Power you claim,
Extends but to the Natives, not to us:
Dare you, who in the *British* Seas strike Sail,
Nay more, whose Lives and Freedom are our Alms,
Presume to sit and judge your Benefactors?
Your base new upstart Common-Wealth should blush,
To doom the Subjects of an *English* King,
The meanest of whose Merchants wou'd disdain
The narrow Life, and the domestick Baseness
Of one of those you call your Mighty States.

Fisc. You spend your Breath in Railing; speak to the
Purpose.

Har. Hold yet: Because you shall not call us cruel;
Or plead I would be Judge in my own Cause;
I shall accept of that Appeal you make,
Concerning my Son's Death; provided first
You clear your self from what concerns the Publick:
For that relating to our general Safety,
The Judgment of it cannot be deferr'd,
But with our common Danger.

Tow. Let me first
Be bold to question you: What Circumstance
Can make this your pretended Plot seem likely?
The Natives first you tortur'd, their Confession,
Extorted so, can prove no Crime in us.
Consider next the Strength of this your Castle;

Its Garrison above two hundred Men,
 Besides as many of your City Burghers,
 All ready on the least Alarm, or Summons,
 To reinforce the others, for ten *English*;
 And Merchants they, not Soldiers, with the Aid
 Of ten *Japanners*; all of 'em unarm'd,
 Except five Swords, and not so many Muskets;
 Th' Attempt had only been for Fools or Madmen.

Fisc. We cannot help your want of Wit; proceed.

Tow. Grant then we had been desperate enough
 To hazard this; we must at least forecast
 How to secure Possession when we had it.
 We had no Ship nor Pinnace in the Harbour;
 Nor could have Aid from any Factory:
 The nearest to us forty Leagues from hence,
 And they but few in number: You, besides
 This Fort, have yet three Castles in this Isle
 Amply provided for, and eight tall Ships
 Riding at Anchor near; consider this,
 And think what all the World will judge of it.

Har. Nothing but Falshood is to be expected
 From such a Tongue, whose Heart is foul'd with Treason;
 Give him the Beverage.

Fisc. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Har. Hold; I have some Reluctance to proceed
 To that Extremity: He was my Friend,
 And I wou'd have him frankly to confess:
 Push open that Prison Door, and set before him
 The Image of his Pains in other Men.

*The SCENE opens, and discovers the English
 tortur'd, and the Dutch tormenting them.*

Fisc. Now, Sir, how does the Object like you?

Tow. Are you Men or Devils! *D'Alva*, whom you
 Condemn for Cruelty, did ne'er the like;
 He knew original Villany was in your Blood:
 Your Fathers all are damn'd for their Rebellion;
 When they rebell'd, they were well us'd to this:
 These Tortures ne'er were hatch'd in Human Breasts;
 But as your Country lies confin'd on Hell,

Just

Just on its Marches, your black Neighbours taught ye;
And just such Pains as you invent on Earth,
Hell has reserv'd for you.

Har. Are you yet mov'd?

Tow. But not as you would have me.

I could weep Tears of Blood to view this Usage;
But you, as if not made of the same Mold,
See with dry Eyes the Miseries of Men,
As they were Creatures of another Kind,
Not Christians, nor Allies, nor Partners with you,
But as if Beasts, transfix'd on Theatres,
To make you cruel Sport.

Har. These are but vulgar Objects, bring his Friend;
Let him behold his Tortures; shut that Door.

[*The Scene clos'd.*]

Enter Beamont led, with Matches ty'd to his Hands.

Tow. [*Embracing him.*] Oh my dear Friend, now I am
truly wretched!

Even in that Part which is most sensible,
My Friendship:

How have we liv'd to see the *English* Name

The Scorn of these, the vilest of Mankind! [*ven,*

Beam. Courage, my Friend, and rather praise we Hea-
That it has chose two such as you and me,
Who will not shame our Country with our Pains,
But stand like Marble Statues in their Fires,
Scorch'd and defac'd perhaps, not melted down.

So let 'em burn this Tenement of Earth;

They can but burn me naked to my Soul,

That's of a nobler Frame, and will stand firm,

Upright, and unconsum'd.

Fisc. Confess; if you have Kindness, save your Friend.

Tow. Yes, by my Death I would, not my Confession;
He is so Brave, he wou'd not so be sav'd;
But wou'd renounce a Friendship built on Shame.

Har. Bring more Candles, and burn him from the
Wrists up to the Elbows.

Beam. Do, I'll enjoy the Flames like *Scævola*;
And when one's roasted, give the other Hand.

Tow. Let me embrace you while you are a Man.

Now

Now you must lose that Form ; be parch'd and rivell'd
Like a dry'd Mummy, or dead Malefactor,
Expos'd in Chains, and blown about by Winds.

Beam. Yet this I can endure.

Go on, and weary out two Elements ;
Vex Fire and Water with th' Experiments
Of Pains far worse than Death.

Tow. Oh, let me take my Turn ;
You will have double Pleasure, I'm asham'd
To be the only *Englishman* untortur'd.

Van Her. You soon shou'd have your Wish, but that
we know

In him you suffer more.

Har. Fill me a brim-full Glas:

Now, Captain, here's to all your Countrymen ;
I wish your whole *East-India* Company
Were in this Room, that we might use them thus.

Fisc. They should have Fires of Cloves and Cinnamon,
We would cut down whole Groves to Honour 'em,
And be at Cost to burn 'em nobly.

Beam. Barb'rous Villains ! now you show yourselves.

Har. Boy, take that Candle thence, and bring it hither,
I am exalted, and would light my Pipe
Just where the Wyck is fed with *English* Fat.

Van Her. So wou'd I ; oh the Tobacco tastes divinely
after it.

Tow. We have Friends in *England*, who wou'd weep
to see

This acted on a Theatre, which here
You make your Pastime.

Beam. Oh that this Flesh were turn'd a Cake of Ice,
That I might in an Instant melt away,
And become nothing, to escape this Torment.
There is not Cold enough in all the *North*
To quench my burning Blood. [*Fiscal whispers Harman.*]

Har. Do with *Beamont* as you please, so *Tower* son die.

Fisc. You'll not confess yet, Captain ?

Tow. Hangman, no.

I would have don't before, if e'er I would :
To do it when my Friend has suffer'd this,,
Were to be less than he.

Fisc.

Fisc. Free him.

[*They free Beamont.*

To Beamont aside.

Beamont, I have not sworn you shou'd not suffer,
But that you should not die; thank *Julia* for't.
But on your Life do not delay this Hour
To part from hence! so to your next Plantation;
I cannot suffer a lov'd Rival near me.

Beam. I almost question if I will receive
My Life from thee: 'Tis like a Cure from Witches;
'Twill leave a Sin behind it.

Fisc. Nay, I'm not lavish of my Courtesy;
I can on easy Terms resume my Gift.

Har. Captain, you're a dead Man; I'll spare your
Torture for your Quality; prepare for Execution in-
stantly.

Tow. I am prepar'd.

Fisc. You die in Charity, I hope.

Tow. I can forgive even thee;
My Innocence I need not name, you know it.
One farewell Kiss of my dear *Ysabinda*,
And all my Business here on Earth is done.

Har. Call her, she's at the Door. [*Exit Fiscal.*

Tow. [*To Beam. embracing.*] A long and last Farewell;
I take my Death

With the more Chearfulness, because thou liv'st
Behind me: Tell my Friends, 'I dy'd so as
Became a Christian and a Man; give to my brave
Employers of the *East India* Company,
The last Remembrance of my faithful Service;
Tell 'em I Seal that Service with my Blood;
And dying, wish to all their Factories,
And all the famous Merchants of our Isle,
That Wealth their gen'rous Industry deserves;
But dare not hope it with *Dutch* Partnership.
Last, there's my Heart, I give it in this Kiss; [*Kisses him.*
Do not answer me; Friendship's a tender thing,
And it would ill become me now to weep.

Beam. Adieu, if I wou'd speak, I cannot — [*Exit.*

Enter Ysabinda.

Ysab. Is it permitted me to see your Eyes

Once

Once more, before eternal Night shall close 'em ?

Tow. I summon'd all I had of Man to see you,
'Twas well the Time allow'd for it was short,
I could not bear it long : 'Tis dangerous,
And would divide my Love 'twixt Heav'n and you.
I therefore part in haste ; think I am going
A sudden Journey, and have not the Leisure
To take a ceremonious long Farewel.

Ysab. Do you still love me ?

Tow. Do not suppose I do ;
'Tis for your Ease, since you must stay behind me,
To think I was unkind ; you'll grieve the less.

Har. Though I suspect you join'd in my Son's Murder,
Yet since it is not prov'd, you have your Life.

Ysab. I thank you for't, I'll make the noblest Use
Of your sad Gift ; that is, to die unforc'd ;
I'll make a Present of my Life to *Tower's son* ;
To let you see, though worthless of his Love,
I would not live without him.

Tow. I charge you love my Memory, but live.

Har. She shall be strictly guarded from that Violence,
She means against herself.

Ysab. Vain Men ! there are so many Paths to Death,
You cannot stop 'em all ; o'er the green Turf
Where my Love's laid, there will I mourning sit,
And draw no Air but from the Damps that rise
Out of that hallow'd Earth ; and for my Diet,
I mean my Eyes alone shall feed my Mouth.
Thus will I live, till he in Pity rise,
And the pale Shade take me in his cold Arms,
And lay me kindly by him in his Grave.

Enter Collins, and then Perez, Julia following him.

Har. No more ; your Time's now come, you must
away.

Col. Now, Devils ; you have done your worst with
Tortures, Death's a Privation of Pain ; but they were a
continual Dying.

Jul. Farewel, my Dearest, I may have many Husbands,
But never one like thee.

Per. As you love my Soul, take hence that Woman ;

My

My *English* Friends, I'm not asham'd of Death,
While I have you for Part'ners; I know you Innocent,
And so am I of this pretended Plot;
But I am guilty of a greater Crime;
For, being married in another Country,
The Governor's Perswasions, and my Love
To that ill Woman, made me leave the first,
And make this fatal Choice.
I'm justly punish'd, for her sake I die;
The *Fiscal* to enjoy her has accus'd me.
There is another Cause ———

By his Procurement I should have kill'd ———

Fisc. Away with him, and stop his Mouth.

[He is led off.]

Tow. I leave thee, Life, with no Regret at parting,
Full of whatever thou cou'dst give, I rise
From thy neglected Feast, and go to sleep:
Yet on this Brink of Death, my Eyes are open'd,
And Heav'n has bid me prophesy to you,
Th' unjust Contrivers of this Tragick Scene;
*An Age is coming, when an English Monarch
With Blood shall pay that Blood which you have shed:
To save your Cities from victorious Arms,
You shall invite the Waves to bide your Earth.
And trembling to the Tops of Houses fly,
While Deluges invade your lower Rooms:
Then, as with Waters you have swell'd our Bodies,
With Damps of Waters shall your Heads be swoln;
Till at the last your sap'd Foundations fall,
And universal Rain swallow all.*

[He's led out with the *English*, the *Dutch* remain.]

Van Her. Ay, ay, we'll venture both our Selves and
Children for such another Pull.

1 *Dutch.* Let him prophesy when his Head's off.

2 *Dutch.* There's ne'er a *Nostradamus* of 'em all shall
fright us from our Gain.

Fisc. Now for a smooth Apology, and then a fawning
Letter to the King of *England*; and our Work's done.

Har. 'Tis done as I wou'd wish it:
Now Brethren, at my proper Cost and Charges,

Three

Three Days you are my Guests; in which good Time
 We will divide their greatest Wealth by Lots,
 While wantonly we raffle for the rest:
 Then in full Rummers, and with joyful Hearts
 We'll drink Confusion to all *English* Starts. [Exeunt.



EPILOGUE.

A Poet once the Spartans led to fight,
 And made 'em Conquer in the Muses Right:
 So wou'd our Poet lead you on this Day:
 Shewing your tortur'd Fathers in his Play.
 To one well-born th' Affront is worse, and more,
 When he's abus'd, and baffled by a Boor:
 With an ill Grace the Dutch their Mischiefs do,
 They've both Ill-nature and Ill-manners too.
 Well may they boast themselves an ancient Nation,
 For they were bred ere Manners were in Fashion:
 And their new Common-wealth has set 'em free,
 Only from Honour and Civility.
 Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
 Than did their Lubber-State Mankind bestride.
 Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
 As their own Paunches swell above their Chin:
 Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
 And only two Kings-Touch can cure the Tumour.
 As Cato did his Africk Fruits display,
 So we before your Eyes their Indies lay:
 All loyal English will like him conclude,
 Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.



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